



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. VII.

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Flood Building, Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

TERMS: (In Advance) \$1.50 per annum; \$1.25 for six months.

NO. 12.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

[From Hawthorne—"Mosses from an Old Manse" and elsewhere.]

The sport of mankind, like its deepest earnest, is a battle.

It is pleasant to live where one is much desired, and very useful.

Whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world.

I suppose people never feel so much like angels as when they are doing what little good they may.

Men have to fight for their faith. They fight in the first place to win it, and ever afterwards to hold it.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.

Just as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.

A man's individual affairs look not so very important, when we can climb high enough to get the idea of a complicated neighborhood.

Who can doubt that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state.

Only catch real earnest hold of life, and not defer one part of it for the sake of another, then each part of life will do for us what was intended.

The commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after.

At the last day—when we see ourselves as we are—man's only inexorable judge will be himself, and the punishment of his sins will be the perception of them.

Truth often finds its way to the mind close muffled in robes of sleep, and then speaks with uncompromising directness of matters in regard to which we practice an unconscious self-deception during our waking moments.

Our thoughts should soar upward with the butterfly—not linger with the exuviae that confined him. In truth and reason, neither those whom we call the living, and still less the departed, have anything to do with the grave.

All the misery endured here constitutes a claim for another life, and still more, all the happiness; because all true happiness involves something more than the earth owns, and needs something more than a mortal capacity for the enjoyment of it.

It must be a remarkably true man who can keep his own elevated conception of truth when the lower feeling of a multitude is assailing his natural sympathies, and who can speak out frankly the best that there is in him, when by adulterating it a little, he knows that he may make it ten times as acceptable to the audience.

Pre-Historic and Future America; or, The Natural Reason for the Rise and Fall of Nations.

Inspirational Discourse, Delivered in San Francisco, July 4th, 1888, by W. J. Colville.

[Reported for the Golden Gate.]

The festive appearance of this hall to-day, and of the entire city, and, we may add, of the entire country, proves that the world, or this part of it at least, is celebrating a very great and important event or festival. As the Fourth of July comes round year by year, not only Americans, but people all over the civilized world, and in many portions of the earth not yet fully civilized, turn their thoughts naturally to the glorious blessings of freedom, to the delights of liberty. While it is not to be expected that either this country or any other has yet achieved the full measure of prosperity which will ultimately be in its possession, while the highest ideal of liberty or freedom may indeed have floated before many an ancient prophet's vision, while liberty may have been often idealized in song, its praises chanted and proclaimed everywhere from time immemorial, it is, nevertheless, to the future, rather than to the present or past, that all eager eyes and anxious hearts are turning, desiring to see, waiting to behold the fulfillment of every loftiest and noblest dream of freedom which has ever entered into the mind of man to conceive.

But our subject to-day is the civilization of the ancient rather than of the modern world. We are on this occasion to take a retrospective glance, to turn our eyes back, not only over centuries, but many thousands of years, and endeavor to bring before our mental eye a vision of this land ages before it was discovered, or rather, to speak correctly, re-discovered by Christopher Columbus and those who with him, before him and after him, marked the commencement of the civilization of this land in this modern era.

There can be no doubt whatever that the names Columbia and America, derived from Americus Vesputius and Christopher Columbus, are only correctly applied to the new era, which undoubtedly commenced about the time when these remarkable men were led by knowledge and by inspiration—you can say by the hand of Providence itself—to navigate the dread ocean, and brave all the terrors supposed to lie beyond those unknown seas.

In our lectures upon the "Lost Atlantis, or the Antediluvian World," we point out how all the traditions, superstitions and fears of the world are founded upon reality; therefore the dread of what lay across the waters which divided Europe from America, was not altogether groundless; it was not a fear built on nothing, but, like all the myths, traditions and superstitions of the human family, was a relic of history. We may term it a perverted memory, a perverted tradition of events which had absolutely transpired long ago, the memory of which had been handed down from sire to son among tribes which possessed no written records, and who depended for their information entirely upon the traditions of the household and of their chieftains. You know that among the many primitive peoples, among aborigines of America and Australia, for instance, among many peoples in the northern parts of Europe, in Iceland especially, there is perpetually preserved in family and tribe a knowledge of very remote events, which are related in the form of legends and fairy tales. These the fathers are never tired of repeating to their children, while the children are never tired of hearing them reiterated again and again.

No matter who the child may be, or what the religious proclivities of the parents, when old Bible stories are repeated, children will listen to them with delight; and while a child may not comprehend anything of the theological mysticism which is so often built upon the foundation of ancient Hebrew and other records, he is never tired of hearing about Adam and Eve, Noah and his family, Solomon and the Temple, Joseph and his brethren, or Daniel in the lion's den, neither is he ever tired of hearing of the wonderful

visions of Ezekiel, or of listening to the wonderful poetic language of Isaiah. Scripture stories are always as charming to the child as to the most venerable Hebrew scholar or devout theologian. This is not only true of the Old Testament writings, but equally of the New, and equally also of any equally attractive fragment to be gathered from the sacred legends of any age or country.

The entire world has its legends; all countries have their bibles; all people prize their own sacred literature; and it is this sacred literature, combining, as it does, the religious instruction with hereditary beliefs concerning the origin and government of the world in very distant ages, which unitedly forms the great written Bible of the world, which is, however, a mere speck when contrasted with the immensity of the unwritten revelations of the Eternal to His children.

All who are seeking information concerning the past of the world must turn to the smaller Bible, then to the larger. The smaller Bible, the written volume, the library compiled slowly generation after generation, by no means faultless, largely traditional and local, contains many and many an evidence of the ancient knowledge of mankind; but the great unwritten record of the earth itself, the volume which geologists love to investigate, which all natural scientists eagerly interrogate, the wonderful hieroglyphics of the earth beneath our feet, (every fossil a word in God's lexicon, or a letter in His alphabet); and the glorious book of revelation above our heads in which the truths of the universe are traced in starry constellations, in bright and glowing orbs of flame, to those two revelations, to the unwritten pages so vast that none can compass them, to the written pages so small that even though numerous they can not contain one tithe of what nature has to tell her children, all antiquarians, historians, scientists and religionists of every name must turn, and from these two records—from God's Bible and from man's—obtain that instruction which will yet prove how man has developed gradually, age after age, growing slowly more and more perfect as the race multiplied; though, in exceptional instances, fruits have so ripened upon the tree of human existence that these have been gathered from the bending boughs thickly or sparsely laden with them, as the case might be. These ripe fruits of the tree of life on earth have been gathered into the granaries of the spiritual world, while the trees have been pruned of their dead wood, sometimes even uprooted by tempests and upheavals; but age after age there have been brought forth more and more plentiful harvests, more and more noble specimens of the fruit of the tree of life, which is human life made manifest, first in comparative, but at length in superlative perfection.

It has been suggested by some that the world was never created, and will never be destroyed. Again, others maintain that the world has been slowly evolved out of chaos and will return to the primitive chaos whence it originally sprang. Others declare the world was built in six days by God, six thousand years ago, and that it has now but little more than one thousand years to run, and that last one thousand years, now soon to commence, will be the golden age, or millennial epoch, in which all things will be perfect.

All the traditions of the world point to two golden ages, two millenniums, two Edens, to Paradises—one past and one future. There is everywhere a record of glorious civilizations and wonderful attainments of humanity now lost, forfeited by some fall, sin, rebellion, or other great calamity, but mention is always made of more than compensation, more than the recovery of everything lost, in the great and glorious paradise yet to be attained.

Milton, the blind poet, writing of a "Paradise Regained," is not content with telling the world it will regain everything lost, but will attain to far more in the future than it ever lost in the past.

As Spring must follow Winter, and be followed by Summer, it is also true that as the world approaches nearer and nearer to its meridian splendor, to the zenith of its perfection, every Summer may be more glorious than its predecessor, and each new harvest more plentiful than the harvest of the previous year.

We maintain that the world develops in cycles, and that this development of the earth includes changes like unto the an-

nual progress of the seasons. You say the world is advancing, progress is the law of being, "onward march" is the command which the world is ever receiving from the author and controller of its being; you point with joy and gladness to the increasing fertility of your fields, to the increasingly habitable condition of your lands, to the rising glory of your ever improving institutions. Yet, no matter how the climate may be improving, how the day may be brightening, how the world may be advancing, as every year rolls round, summer is followed by autumn, and autumn by winter, and even though the spring, summer and harvest of next year shall be more glorious than the spring, summer, and harvest of this year; still after the harvest is gathered in, there must follow the cold bleak winds of autumn and then the snows of winter. No matter though the days grow each one longer till they reach the 21st of June, every day is followed by a night, and though each night be shorter than its predecessor, and each day longer, yet the night is never wholly omitted, as winter is never omitted entirely, though some winters are mild ones. There is but one law, one principle of being, and as in the diurnal motion of the earth upon its axis, its motion round the sun in every 365 1/4 days, the law of universal being is equally illustrated in the fulfillment of vast cycles of time. Those great and learned men of ancient ages and of far famed oriental climes who spoke of the spiritual revolutions of the earth and other planets, and of the precession of spiritual cycles, clearly understood that in the rise and fall of nations, in the birth, growth, decline and death of a particular civilization, the same great law works which is made manifest in alternating day and night, summer and winter.

Man works during the day and then at night he sleeps. Sleep refreshes him, and it he is continually growing stronger he wakes up on each following morning ready to do more work during that new day than he could do during the day previous.

As the world is ever increasing in beauty and knowledge after every night the day that follows, and after every winter the spring that follows is more glorious than any day and any spring that has fled. Now just as it is with small periods of time, so it is with those vast cycles of time, each of which according to astronomical computation, occupies nearly 26,000 years of earthly time in the accomplishment of a single round. The great cycle of about 25,840 years is as readily computed by correct astronomical calculation as the length of a single earthly year. Each grand cycle has its spring, its summer, its autumn, its winter. And as on earth during every natural year of 365 days, when it is summer here it is winter at the antipodes; when it is spring in one part of the world it is autumn in another; and as in every twenty-four hours when it is morning in one part of the world it is evening in another; when it is high noon at one point it is midnight at another; so it is with regard to the condition of the earth at large, in the revolution of this stupendous period of time. One part of the world will be enjoying its spring-time, bursting forth into a new and glorious civilization, while other sections will be on the descending wave of the cycle, passing nearer and nearer the night of its winter-time. When one part of the earth is above the water and its inhabitants are acquainting themselves with the sciences and arts which were known long, long ago among buried races who formerly occupied that soil, the individuals who of old composed those buried races, will have passed to other realms of being, and until a new era dawned, the land which they inhabited will have rested beneath the water.

Where we tread to-day in this gloriously beautiful land of dawning civilization, in this magnificent growing country extending from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean, we are shown by the soil itself innumerable proofs of prehistoric man, ancient battlements and temples, earthworks and fortifications, multifarious remains of peoples who must have once been highly civilized; peoples who worked in metals, brass, copper, iron, and also in stone. When your forefathers landed at Plymouth Rock there was no one in the whole country except Indians, and these were half savage, and apparently belonged to a very much lower race of mankind than yourselves. But these Indian tribes are none other than the degenerate relics of once

highly advanced nations, for the Indians in their customs and traditions have preserved what to the studious mind is proof positive of their kinship to the most enlightened peoples of the past.

It is not true in any sense that the daylight never shone before, or that there never was a morning before the morning in whose light you are now basking. It is true indeed that this country to-day is on the ascending wave of the cycle; it is indeed true that modern America has a glorious future before her; it is indeed true that you are now basking in the morning's glow and have not yet reached the high noon of your day of liberty; for the present civilization of this country is less than three hundred years old, and the United States have only enjoyed their freedom as an Independent Republic for 112 years; you are indeed in the very early spring-time, in the budding anticipation of a glorious summer and an abundant harvest inevitably to follow.

But ages and ages ago men and women as highly civilized, and no doubt more so than you, walked the very lands you have now re-discovered. Ages and ages ago mines of gold and metals invaluable have been worked here upon the Pacific slope. Ages and ages ago through all the rich territory of Central America, in Southern California, and all through the northern part of this State, and away northward and eastward, far into the Mississippi valley and high up into Canada, there have dwelt civilized people who have all over this continent left the record of their marvelous achievements behind them. And these wonderful people, the prehistoric inhabitants of this land, were the forefathers of the despised and persecuted North American Indians. Indian tribes have been gradually decaying and dying out, because long, long ago they were separated by natural convulsions and upheavals from the rest of their brethren, and being shut in among themselves, no longer enjoying the advantages of commerce and communion with other nations, they became divided up into many tribes, sections and parties, and now they are the last degenerate remnants of a once mighty people. Ancient races are passing off this planet in the form of the Indian, which many despise; but when they have quitted the material frame, according to the testimony of a number of the most earnest Spiritualists and the most reliable mediums, they are still capable of benefiting the world, and are indeed playing a very large part in the civilization and liberalization of thought and practice in America to-day.

We know there have been many warlike risings of Indians; we know that the Indians as we now find them are in very many instances depraved and barbarous; we know well enough that in the old days before railroads crossed the continent, that journeying to the Pacific Coast was very dangerous because of the depredations committed by various Indian tribes.

But we know also those Indians were guilty of no more sin in protecting their wigwags, their squaws and papooses, than every white man is guilty of sin when he arms himself with a revolver and shoots a burglar who enters his room at night to steal away his property. The Indians stood up for their rights, for their freedom and liberty; they went to war in the only way they could, upon those who came against them and threatened to take from them everything they held dear. While we have no word to say against the Administration as a whole, while we have no slight or insult to convey to the American government as a government—(we believe it is the best government upon the face of the earth at the present time)—no one can dispute the fact that the Indians have not been treated by the American government and by the American people at large as they ought to have been by a company of men and women priding themselves upon their Christianity, and preaching and exhorting the practice of the Golden Rule almost every time they enter a house of worship.

We know that the bloodshed, the fearful destruction, and all the horrors of war have been overruled for good. We know that the great war of Independence and the civil war between the North and the South, causing the liberalization of millions of negroes, have resulted in good. We rejoice in the freedom of the land and in the freedom of the slave; but with our refined and enlightened perceptions, to-day

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

*On sale at the GOLDEN GATE office. Price, 15 cents.

Chaldean Anthems—More Elevating than the Ghostly Narratives of Joshua.

"O all ye stars of heaven, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever."

Over twenty-two centuries ago, this sublime hymn was sung by the Chaldeans in Babylon, within whose walls, which were sixty miles in circumference, stands still the ruin of the temple of Bel, upon whose lofty summit was planted the observatory, whence those ancient astronomers held communion with the stars, and from whence Callisthenes obtained a series of astronomical observations, ranging back through nineteen hundred years prior to the conquest of Alexander, which record he transmitted to Aristotle.

They had fixed the length of a tropical year within twenty-five seconds of the truth; they had catalogued the stars; had divided the zodiac into the twelve signs; they had correct views of the solar system. And Ptolemy, the Egyptian astronomer, had procured in Babylon a record of eclipses extending over seven centuries.

It is doubtless due to these ancient astronomers that the Hebrew captives owed whatever there exists of poetry and beauty in their book of Psalms, acquired by them during centuries of captivity, while by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept when they remembered Zion. And it is related of Alexander that he brought in his train 200,000 of these captive Hebrews, and settled them in Alexandria, that beautiful Egyptian city established by himself and his successors, the Ptolemies, the center of art, science, and civilization. Here they founded the greatest library in the world, containing over 700,000 volumes, afterwards partially destroyed during the siege by Julius Caesar; measurably restored by Antony's gift of the library of Eumenes to Cleopatra, which she added to the splendid collection in the Serapion; the whole, however, finally destroyed by the fanatical Christian monks some centuries later, who at the same time tore the brilliant teacher, Hypatia, limb from limb, and then burned her in their church—a prophetic initiation of the more modern atrocities of the Roman Inquisition in their efforts to stamp out literature and science.

But to continue. Here all students, lovers of art, poetry, and literature, were welcomed from every clime. Here this enlightened dynasty extended its protection to every scientific movement and research; museums were established, and under these pagan promoters and patrons of science, the Chaldean astronomy was encouraged and developed. Euclid had published his immortal work, and opened a geometrical school in Alexandria. Archimedes, the inventor of the endless screw, which bears his name and navigates every sea, established a mechanical school. Eratosthenes demonstrated the globular form of the earth, for adopting which heresy nineteen centuries later, the noble Bruno, whose life would have been of more value to mankind than that of the whole Christian Church rolled into one, was cruelly burned at the stake by our pious Christian hierarchy, with a view of stamping out the anti-Mosaic, pagan, spherical idea.

Hipparchus discovered the precession of the equinoxes, giving a period of 25,000 years—"A remarkable approximation," says Draper, "to the exact period." It was an epoch in the history of the human mind, when astronomy set an example to all other sciences, of shaking off its fetichism, later on so disastrously reimposed by a superstitious priesthood, who would lose their power over the ignorant, if were once admitted the existence of a simple, yet universal, invariable, and eternal law.

It is to this brilliant age that the Christian world is indebted for the Septuagint translation under Ptolemy, Philadelphus of the ancient version of the Hebrew Scriptures, a pagan authority which our modern theological Pundits are slow to acknowledge; they also translated the Chaldean hymns, from which I have quoted, more or less appropriated and incorporated, by the Jews in their Psalms of David, either during their captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, about 570 B. C., or subsequently after their liberation by Alexander. Be this as it may, it occurred to me, while listening to the beautiful anthem, how much more appropriate and elevating would be such a kindergarten theme than the horrible story introduced in Mrs. Cooper's Bible class, either by herself or the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, as related in the *Call* of Sept. 9th, concerning the spies sent by Joshua into the land of Canaan. Illustrating it, was urged the duty of obedience, and the consequent reward of valor. This instructive discussion in which many of the visiting ladies and gentlemen, with the reverend Doctor, joined, elicited many interesting points.

The instructive points found in the Scriptural narrative are these:

First—Joshua, who appears to have combined Prince, Prophet, Priest and Pirate, coveted the land of Canaan, a "land overflowing with milk and honey," and the Lord, who was always on hand to donate other people's property, had an interview with Joshua immediately succeeding the death of his estimable friend, Moses. *Vide* Joshua, i., 1, et seq. "Moses is dead; now, therefore, arise; go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel.

Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses. From the wilderness even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, unto the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast." Here was unparalleled generosity with other people's lands!

Point No. 2. Chap. 2, verse 1—"And Joshua, the son of Nun, sent out of Shittim two men to spy secretly, saying, Go view the land, even Jericho; and they went and came into an harlot's house, named Rahab, and lodged there." This point probably elicited a lecture on Morality. "And the King of Jericho sent unto Rahab, saying, Bring forth the men that are come to thee, which are entered into thine house, for they be come to search out all the country!" Evidently the King, ignorant of the harlot's treachery in collusion with the Lord, trusted to her patriotism to surrender her country's foes, but he was mistaken. "She took the two men up to the roof of the house and hid them with the stalks of flax which she had laid in order upon the roof." This point was probably explained to the children of the school as being commendable treachery in the service of the Lord.

Then comes Point 3, Chap. 3, Verses 16 and 17—"The waters of Jordan stood up in a heap, and the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan." Now, at this point, pending the Bible introduction at Berkeley, Prof. Le Conte should have been invited to explain the hydrostatic law by which the Jordan, like the waters of the Red Sea on a previous occasion, had been piled up in heaps; it would seem so much simpler and more economical than bridging for modern convenience.

Point 4, Chap. 6. "Now Jericho was straightly shut up, because of the children of Israel. None came out and none came in." Poor Jericho! "And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thy hand Jericho, and the King thereof, and the mighty men of valor."

It was at this memorable siege, several centuries before the advent of Archimedes, that instead of battering rams, or catapults, they breached the walls of the city with rams' horns. This ancient mode of warfare would be an interesting study for the University Cadets.

"And the city shall be accursed, and all that are therein; only Rahab the harlot shall live." So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets, "And it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpets, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the walls fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city, and they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword." The Lord evidently disliked women and children, but why the asses needed for transporting the plunder were killed is inexplicable, for it says they burned the city with fire, "and all that was therein, except the silver, the gold, the vessels of brass and iron, which were transported to the house of the Lord." Evidently the pots and kettles were of more value than the poor people thus ruthlessly slaughtered and burned—men, women, and little children.

Probably the Rev. Woodbridge and the pious visitors satisfactorily explained these "interesting points" to the Bible class. To proceed—passing over the indiscriminate slaughter of the women, young and old, "except Rahab," who had found favor in the sight of the Lord and Joshua—we find in pursuing this interesting narrative, that after destroying "Ai," made "an heap forever, even a desolation until this day, slaughtering both men and women, twelve thousand," and "hanging the King, until eventide," that "Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in Mount Ebal," to commemorate the victory, to rejoice over the slaughter of men, the murder of women, and the shrieks of the children thus ruthlessly butchered and burnt in the flames of their homes, by instruction of the Lord. Possibly the reverend gentleman seized this occasion to justify the subsequent festival of the "Auboda te," of papal days—a very interesting point!

Fifthly—Hurry on to the close of this instructive Bible lesson, (Chapter 10, verse 12), we come to the marvelous astronomical miracle of the ages, not found, however, in the Babylonian archives. "Then spake Joshua to the Lord, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon, and the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies." So thus the Lord refused the flying wretches even the friendly shelter of darkness. For them no stay, no blessing of the merciful, no evening beam to gild the dying day, no promise for the morrow of one hopeful ray. How fortunate the Lord was not at Appomattox! Then the narrative continues. After treading on the necks of five captive kings, this truculent savage banged them on five trees.

Here Joshua, under divine instruction, hoisted the black flag. No quarter; no prisoners! "And that day Joshua took Makkedah and smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein; he let none remain." No quarter! "And as he did to the King of Makkedah, he did to the King of Libnah; and the Lord delivered Lachish into the hand of Israel."

And so it continues until one is sick with blood—Gazer, Eglon, Hebron, Debir, and about twenty more cities. "He utterly destroyed all the souls that were therein." This sentence is repeated *ad nauseam*. (*Vide* verse 40. "So Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and all their kings; he left none remaining." Then comes chapter 12, a list of "thirty and one kings, with all their people and all their cities burned and destroyed.")

I would suggest here to the reverend gentleman and his confederates in their next Bible lesson that they should give the pupils an arithmetical problem on the total number of killed in this divine foray; it would figure about thus: allowing to the thirty-one kings or chiefs on a moderate estimate ten thousand warriors each, we should have a total of about three hundred thousand warriors, between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five. Now, in a population capable of furnishing this number of fighting men, a low estimate would give ten non-combatants to each man; to wit, old men, women, maidens, boys, and children, figuring up the enormous amount of three millions innocent, helpless beings, all ruthlessly slaughtered, burned, tortured and destroyed.

Three millions! old fathers, old mothers, young maidens first wantonly outraged by this ruffian soldiery; little children all slaughtered by the direction of the Lord and His pirate friend! Of course, to the credit of humanity, few healthy minds believe that these atrocious outrages were ever committed to the extent described in the sacred volume. They are placed by these in the same category with the hydraulic, astronomical, and other miracles and fish stories taught by priests and parsons to gaping idiots to perpetuate their own power and selfish influence over the ignorant; for with isolated instances, such as the murder and burning of the Colorado girl, a short time ago, described by Frank Lemon—a la Jephtha's daughter—not even the Apaches, or any known barbarians, would be guilty of the devilish outrages described in the foregoing quotations from the Scriptural narrative of the Lord's vengeance in behalf of Joshua and the Israelites, and that are now being blasphemously taught by the clergy as the "Word of God," and this is what they called revealed religion! Is it any wonder that under such teachings Europe became in the middle ages, under church domination, the veriest pandemonium, a veritable hell on earth! And in this connection will the "very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, of San Francisco, Vicar-General of the Diocese of California," etc., condescend to indicate one act or thought of Spiritualism that would demonstrate the devil's work, if these Scriptures I have quoted do not? The daily paper that would flatter the shape of Horny's hoof for an advertisement, says, quoting the reverend lecturer, "He held the attention of the audience in a marked degree, making telling hits, and lucidly explaining the facts of history, science, and the Scriptures in their bearing on Spiritualism." wonderful he should be so conversant with a subject he knows nothing about.

Heraclitus, the simple pagan, taught that "all events are ordered by reason and intelligence," but the Vicar-General's science teaches that "Spiritualism is founded on fraud, nature, and the devil!" A most clerical conclusion! Now, one would think that it might have struck the obfuscated minds that cheered this most logical, or, as the *Call* has it, this most lucid explanation, that if it were nature, it would be necessarily natural; and that if the phenomena were "founded" by "the devil," then they were necessarily not fraud. And I would suggest to the learned and reverend gentleman that to attribute the act of an actor to fraud is a non-sequitur, an illogical result of his course of reasoning; in a word, the same thing can not be another thing. If the devil writes on slates, then the writing is not fraud; it is the result of a cause; to wit, the devil. Webster defines fraud "deception, deceit, sham, trick." Now, if the devil threw sixes on the dice, that would be a fact, but if he threw sevens, that would be a miracle; *id est*, "deception." If he wrote, "I am an angel of light," that would be "deceit;" but if he wrote, "I am the devil," that would be a fact, and not a fraud. Be logical, my dear "Vicar-General," or exclude the reporters.

Had the reverend lecturer said, "Some fraud, some nature, some devil," his verdict would have been comprehensible; and quoting Scripture, "By their works ye shall know them," did the Vicar-General ever apply the test?

Some time ago a neighbor suffering from intense pain and dysentery, sought relief in vain from her doctors. Acting on the suggestion of a mutual friend, I called upon a medium, Mrs. F—, upon whose slate was written, "I am here, Frank." "Brother," said I, "can you send me a doctor; our friend, Mrs. C—, is very ill, and suffering great pain?" After a lapse of a few minutes came the message written on the slate, "Your friend is beyond our help; her stomach has been ruined by doses of turpentine. We can assuage the pain, but can not save her life. Go to the drug-store and ask for the root of 'Frostwort;' let her make a tea of this, and drink it continuously till she gets relief. Cooper." I said, "Am I in the presence of Dr. Cooper?" The reply came, "I am Astley Cooper."

I immediately went to Burnett's drug-store, and asked for the root. At first they denied any knowledge of such a plant, but on my insisting that they had

it, from a top shelf they pulled down a lot of dusty packages, and among them found one package of the desired root. This I instantly sent with directions for use. It entirely relieved her of the distressing pain and trouble, so that her last days were passed in peace, and, after a few weeks, she passed away tranquilly and consciously.

Now the question arises, Did the information to relieve this suffering come from the devil or Dr. Cooper? The reverend Vicar would say the former, and in such case why not solicit his co-operation for the medical faculty; and if he assuages pain, which would be the most desirable acquaintance, the devil or the Bible Lord of Joshua? Will his Reverence please answer?

Now, let us analyze this Bible episode, this Sunday-school lesson. Would it not have been more merciful in the Lord to have drowned out the Canaanites in preference to the bloody method? Even the old-time pirates preferred to let their victims "walk the plank" in place of running the scuppers full of blood; and as the adequacy of means to an end is irrelevant in the case of miracles, it would have been just as easy to have flooded the valley with the Jordan as to pile the waters in a heap. The learned clergy of all denominations will admit that proposition.

Now, as regards the application of the story of Joshua, the beloved successor of Moses, to modern times. Let us suppose that the Lord gets wrath with San Francisco, a much more wicked city than Jericho, according to the Rev. Gibson, and other statisticians; and let us imagine Him marching 30,000 Regulators, under General Joshua, dry-shod across the bay from Oakland, storming the city, and after killing off its defenders, turning the city over to the soldiery, to be sacked, plundered and burned, as they did with "all the cities of the plains," then let us consider our wives and daughters rushing into the streets from their burning homes, to meet a worse fate than death at the hands of a brutal soldiery, inflamed by drink and passion; the little ones dashed upon the stones, as kindly suggested by David in Psalms, cxxxvii., 9 verse; the town "given up to pillage; the gutters running blood; the Lord cheering on the butchery, and directing the next foray on to San Jose; the rush of despairing, hopeless fugitives; the sun refusing to set, until Joshua and the Lord had wiped out every soul in California, and had utterly destroyed all the souls that were therein!" And this picture gives but a faint idea of the gruesome reality; yet this is the moral teaching proposed by clergy for the university and common schools. Let us hope that the day will dawn, when to terrorize and pollute children's minds with these ghastly fables of priestcraft shall be made a penal offense. A. Y. E.

"Improving Each Passing Hour."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last week, on invitation of friends, I spent a few days in your city, and while there, went to a meeting on Thursday last at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, held by Mrs. F. A. Logan. The meeting was opened with singing, with piano accompaniment. Recitation (by special request), "The Village Choir," which was well received and apparently appreciated.

Mrs. Logan then offered a few well directed remarks in reference to the work in which she has been engaged for so many years—namely, lecturing, developing and healing; and just here allow me to say that I know of no other person of her age, who is so capable of carrying on a work of the kind in question as our friend Mrs. Logan. It certainly must be apparent to everyone that able aid is given her from those on the other side, to impart strength of body as well as of mind to those who are suffering; and may these good angels also send along those who can and are glad to show their appreciation by the exchange of coin from their purses to hers.

At the close of Mrs. Logan's remarks, Mrs. Hendee was introduced to the audience, and gave some excellent and accurate psychometric readings for a number of persons who came forward for that purpose from the audience.

After the chairs had been arranged in a large circle, everyone that wished to sit for development took a seat, and sat quietly for awhile. Several were controlled in different ways. One lady, whose name I did not hear, went to the piano at the close of the meeting, and sang in an unknown or foreign language, accompanying her voice with music on the piano. I never attended a more harmonious circle. Mrs. Logan intends continuing the meetings every Thursday night, charging only ten cents admission. She also has a developing circle at her parlors, 84; Market street, every Thursday and Friday evening. Admission twenty-five cents.

On Sunday morning, I attended the Children's Progressive Lyceum in Pythian Hall. I found them at work, teachers and leader earnestly striving to do all the good they can, instilling good thoughts of justice, gentleness, and an understanding of what it means to know oneself and obey the Golden Rule, and fitting them to know how to fill positions of trust when the older generations have passed off from the stage of action.

In the afternoon, I also listened with much interest to the thoughts so ably presented by different persons on the subject

of "Capital Punishment," at Washington Hall. It seems to me that no truly progressive Spiritualist could believe in hanging, or destroying life in any way, from the very fact that we are a thinking, reasoning class of people, and should not, not be expected to, commit murder, nor any other brutal deed that might be done under the excitement of passion or anger.

In the evening I was highly entertained by the excellent program in the same hall for the benefit of the Free Spiritual Library. Your many readers of the GOLDEN GATE will doubtless believe by this time that I have tried to "improve each passing hour;" and as I am well satisfied with the result of my efforts in that direction, I may visit you again at some future time. Yours for the Truth,

MRS. H. L. BIGLOW.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19, 1888.

Progress.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening Grand Army Hall of this city was well filled with a large, intelligent audience, men and women who were attracted there to listen to the entertaining speaker, Mrs. S. Seip, of your Golden City. It had also been announced that Mrs. M. Wheeler, recently from Canada, would give spirit delineations, and also exhibit the wonderful phenomenon of extracting medicine in the form of a liniment from the atmosphere, which she did—apparently—most successfully. But to me the most attractive part of the entertainment was that of Mrs. Seip answering written questions propounded by the audience. Her method is new and novel, and I might say progressive. It was truly wonderful to witness the versatility of the lady. Sometimes it reminded one of the clash of small arms; again the discharge of heavy ordnance, followed by the rattle of musketry; then the hand to hand encounter, where the saber and broad sword came into play, where to cut, to thrust, to parry, advance, retreat, and finally to charged bayonets, in order to clear off the field, seemed befitting words to express the situation. I do not know as military terms are proper to express my ideas of this lady on the platform, but I only write as I feel impressed. Of course, the questions propounded were as varied as the intellectuality of the audience.

One person—a man, I presume—asks the question, "Can you give the name of my father, and whether he be in the form or in the spirit life?" Answer, "What a poor, ignorant man have we here, who does not know the name of his father, or whether he be dead or alive. No, I can not answer that question, for it he is a wise child, he knows his own father, and I do not think this man would know his father's name were I to announce it, much less whether he be dead or alive. I will not venture to answer this question."

Another asks, "Can you give the name of my wife?" Answer, "Here is another ignorant man who does not know the name of his wife. I wonder if he knows whether he has a wife or not. If I were to tell, I am sure it would make him none the wiser." Then perhaps the next question would have real thought in it, and would call out the impassioned eloquence of the lady speaker, and you might hear a pin drop anywhere in the hall as a whole.

Mrs. Seip's effort seems to be to "awake, arouse, and expand the soul," to put Spiritualism on to a higher plane, and on the road to true progression.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 25, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Prophecy.

"They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."—JOSHUA, v., 20.

And it shall come to pass, when the people of this great nation are threatened with an unbearable evil, they shall see coming from the South and the East, a great army of Plebians, led by the Celestial Scorpion, who comes riding along upon the goat, and carrying with him the national keys.

And when they are about to open the gates to admit the Locust, a great cry goes up from the free-born sons and daughters of the enviable United States, because the destroyers are now upon them.

The cry of their lamentation reaches up into heaven, and the Lord will hearken unto their voice; and on the sixth day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, He will send unto them a leader from the West—the Celestial Bull riding upon the Archer, who will lead them into battle and to victory.

And it shall come to pass after the paper smoke of battle has cleared away, that the Plebians will be found to have been completely defeated.

Then the servant and the Master will sing a song of joy unto the Lord, because of their delivery from the evil, and because the Lord did send unto them a leader who captured the national keys. So now they will feel safe within the portal gates, where they will continue to enjoy in union the fruits of their industries, which are flourishing upon the golden fields of the beautiful inheritance.

The Plebians this year will surely meet with defeat; the Free-Born Sons and Native Sons shall win the race. Thus reads the astral prophet in the sky.

J. M. L.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12, 1888.

Report of the Psychical Research Society.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following extract, taken from the *Banner of Light*, may serve as an illustration to show what the spirit world thinks of fraudulent mediumship:

I am not a bit sorry, Mr. Chairman, when I find some cases which are passing for true mediumship, but which are false to the core when exposed to view. It is right that such should be exposed, and I for one am glad of it. I want every true medium to know that I am in hearty sympathy with him or her; but I want every false trickster to know I am in hearty sympathy with the revealers of the sham, and, what is more, I will do my part, as a spirit, to make the sham manifest to mankind.

SPIRIT OF HENRY F. GARDINER.

Affidavit of Josie Hoffman to A. C. Palmer, President of the Psychical Research Society—DEAR SIR:—In the early part of January of this year I appeared before the Union Spiritual Society, in St. Andrew's Hall, on Larkin street, in this city and county, and there, in a brief address, told the audience the truth as regards the doings of certain so-called mediums of this city. Because I told the truth on that occasion, I was persecuted to the bitter end. I was criticised and ostracised by the leading spiritual journals in many parts of the country, and also by many good and honest people who unwittingly believed in the fraudulent manifestations.

Now that the Psychical Research Society has, through its untiring and ceaseless efforts, proved what I then said to be true, both as regards so-called materialization and spirit photography, I find myself once more recognized and welcomed by my many friends and co-workers in the cause of true Spiritualism.

After the expose that I made before the Union Society, I was besieged on all sides by numberless questioners for details, and for proofs of what I had stated; but I remained passive, feeling and knowing that truth would prevail. I then fully determined at any cost, and at the first opportunity, to learn the complete art (?) of fraudulent materialization, and again take the platform, and, by exposing this fraud completely, thereby benefit and protect true Spiritualism and all its genuine phenomena.

I did not have to wait long to realize my wish, for within the next three weeks Mrs. Elsie Crindal-Reynolds called on me, and advised me to retract what I had stated at St. Andrew's Hall! This I peremptorily refused to do, for I told her I had stated nothing to retract; I had only spoken the truth. After a long conversation, she told me of the vast amount of money that could be made in the materializing business if two or more mediums would only work together. It was then that she made the following propositions to me, to wit: She said that a Dr. Gould, of San Diego, was a firm believer in the genuineness of her materializing seances; that he had presented her with a town lot in that city, and that she wanted him to put a house upon it for her; that the spirits in her cabinet were working to that end. She also said that if some of Dr. Gould's spirit friends could only come through some other cabinet and appear to him, it might accelerate matters considerably. She proposed to proclaim myself as a materializing medium to Dr. Gould when he called upon me, and to put up a cabinet, and give Dr. Gould a materializing seance, and that she, Mrs. Reynolds, would come to my rooms and would secrete herself, and that she would appear and play spirit, and thus prove to Dr. Gould that the spirits desired him to put a house on the said lot for Mrs. Reynolds. She also told me that she could soon develop me to do all that she did. I never believed in her having mediumistic powers, and saw at once a glorious opportunity to learn all her tricks.

I was then living at No. 15 Sixth street. I put up a cabinet. Dr. Gould came, and I gave him a seance. Mrs. Reynolds came, and secreting herself, slipped into the seance room, and then there played the part of many spirits for Dr. Gould. She assumed the form and personated one, Augusta; she also personated Edna, an old sweet-heart of the Doctor's; also Kitty Paisley and Lilly Roberts.

The Doctor came alone the first time, and at the next two sittings brought a Mr. Newton with him. I always detained Dr. Gould long enough to allow Mrs. Reynolds plenty of time to return to her own rooms.

I made a confident of my landlady. She helped me to put up the cabinet, and saw Mrs. Reynolds hiding in the hall, and knew she was playing spirit in my seance given to Dr. Gould. These peculiar performances became very interesting to me, and I wondered greatly that so good and intelligent a man as Dr. Gould could be so easily and regularly deceived by such clumsy devices and performances, what I had seen being only a small part of her repertoire. I determined to learn all of Mrs. Reynolds' methods and tricks that she used in giving her seances.

She soon after proposed to me to take a house jointly, and give seances alternately. She agreed to bear one-half of the expense in furnishing it, which she failed to do. We hired the house, No. 1330 Howard street, rent commencing February 27, 1888.

The first lesson I had to learn was that the mop-board in the clothes closet of the seance room had to be made movable, and

bolted from the inside of the adjoining room. I asked her how this could be done without publicity. She then told me that a Mr. Wanzer, a carpenter, had often done work for her, and could be trusted, and that he knew just what to do. She engaged him, and he removed the narrow baseboards and put in wider ones. I hired the house in my own name. He therefore presented me with his bill. He charged me five dollars for his work. I refused to pay so much, and gave him four dollars. Mrs. Reynolds gave him one dollar.

Mr. Wanzer did this work on Friday, February 24, 1888, and we moved in the next day. A few days after, a Dr. Moore and another man of this city, on account of their making a too critical examination of this mop-board, were ordered or invited to leave the house.

On Saturday, at 2 P. M., March 3, 1888, I gave my first public seance at this house. Dr. Gould, Mr. Channell, and a Mr. Newton were a part of this circle. I took my position outside the curtains of the cabinet, while Mrs. Reynolds, removing the fastenings of the mop-board in the closet back of the cabinet, in the adjoining room, crawled through the opening thus made, and appeared at the aperture or curtains of the cabinet as a scantily dressed spirit form, and gently drew me into the cabinet, where I at once disrobed, and played the part of little Nellie, my supposed cabinet child control. Mrs. Reynolds, during this seance, went out to Dr. Gould, and many other persons in the circle.

Before this date, Mrs. Reynolds had given her seances in the same room, and under the same conditions, she being the medium, while I had crawled through the same opening, and had played spirit for her, appearing to the amazed circle as a genuine spirit materialization.

I have in my possession many articles that were presented to me on those occasions by attendants of her circles, who supposed that they were giving to their spirit friends. Mrs. Reynolds and myself had some controversy as to whom these presents belonged to. She claimed that she should have them, but I refused to give them up; and I refused to play spirit for her any more. Hence our disagreement, and separation followed.

On subsequent occasions, the following named persons appeared, and personated spirit forms, through the same opening into the cabinet, for Mrs. Reynolds: Geo. Newman, Nellie Christine, Cora Christine, Fred Messerau, and a young man named Otto —, all assuming a great variety of spirit guides, cabinet controls, and departed friends, as the occasion required. Geo. Newman personated Dr. Bird.

Mrs. Reynolds, on entering the cabinet, threw off her wrap, and always personated spirits. By tying a narrow strip of cloth around her head, with two large eyes painted upon it, she always played the part of "Lilly Roberts." She was also "Mr. Gruff," and in this case she used a false beard; and by kneeling and assuming a child's voice, she played the part of "Little Effie," except when a child was brought into the cabinet, as was sometimes done at 1330 Howard street.

Many persons have requested me to make public a full explanation of a so-called spirit photograph, wherein Mrs. Reynolds appears to be entranced and surrounded by five spirit faces, supposed to be Captain Bird, Mr. Gruff, Lilly Roberts, Carrie Miller, and Little Effie. I give as follows:

On a Sunday morning in April, an amateur photographer named Fred Messerau came to 1330 Howard street, and going into the front room on the third floor, took that particular photograph in the following manner: Mrs. Reynolds, taking her seat, assumed to be entranced. Mr. Wanzer stood as Capt. Bird, Geo. Newman as Mr. Gruff, the young man Otto as Carrie Miller, a little girl living down stairs in the bakery by the name of —, stood for Effie Foster, while I stood as Lilly Roberts. Mrs. Reynolds had a hundred pictures struck off, for circulation, as she said, outside of this city, for which she paid twenty-five dollars.

Although I have seen an unlimited quantity of fraud perpetrated, I still believe in genuine spirit materialization, and that under pure and proper conditions the psychic form can appear.

Having personated spirits for Mrs. Reynolds, I have been in her cabinet on many occasions, but have never seen any spirit manifestations at any time. All the manifestations appearing there were made either by herself or confederates.

Having been developed by her, I can explain the manner of all those manifestations at her seances. Those persons who play illuminated spirits simply are robed in cloth which has been painted with illuminated paint.

MRS. JOSIE HOFFMAN.
No. 1 Fifth street, Room 4, S. F.
Subscribed and sworn to before me on this 25th day of September, 1888, Alvan Flanders, Notary Public.

Meeting of Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Spiritualists of Southern California expect to come together in council, on the 12th of October, at the Liberal Hall, and grounds, in San Bernardino. We hope that many of our friends in the northern part of the State will take this opportunity to visit us and enjoy a communion for a little season. Come, friends, and visit this beautiful part of our State, and con-

fer with us on the great issues of the hour that is calling "aloud to the faithful to be up and doing while the day lasteth."

The Spiritualists of San Bernardino have their own hall and will extend the hand of fellowship to the true workers for the cause of truth and the onward march of a divine progress.

We expect to welcome our friends from north, south, east and west. "In union is strength." And may our meeting be presided over by those visible and invisible, who have their eye single to the advancement of humanity in all good and noble work. Yours, ever fraternally,

MRS. E. P. THORNDYKE.

SAN BERNARDINO, Sept. 14, 1888.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.—*Lavater.*

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aug25-tf

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aug13

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Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at
Flood Building, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

TRUSTEES:

AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; I. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; DR. HENRY ROGERS, TREASURER; DR. JOHN ALLYN and J. J. OWEN.

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TERMS:—\$5.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses), \$20, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

NOTHING TO FEAR.

A portion of the secular press of this city is just now making a lively onslaught on the fraudulent practices of pretending mediums, the physical phases being their special point of attack. We are not among those who fear any harm will come to true Spiritualism thereby, but rather, that the lustrous truths of our grand philosophy will shine all the brighter when the clouds have rolled away. Truth can never suffer from exposure. The more it is exposed, the more light it radiates. It is only the false that fears the scrutinizing gaze of honest inquiry. Then why Spiritualists should tremble, or deplore the exposure of fraud, we cannot conceive.

We feel about this matter as did Dr. Brigham, when he said: "At all hazards, we must squarely and manfully look truth in the face and not try to substitute wry faces and hard names for argument. To know the truth, and the whole truth, is man's most sacred duty and religion."

If every public medium in San Francisco and elsewhere were proven to be false, there still remain facts, mountain high, which prove the truth of the claims of Spiritualism. It is this rock of truth, and nothing but the truth, on which we stand, and against which the storms will beat in vain.

TALENT.

Talent implies something to be used. The smallest and most feeble gift will grow in proportion and strength by careful exercise and training; and the mightiest will shrivel and die of indolence.

Sydney Smith says a great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who only remained obscure because their timidity prevented them from making a first effort. The gifts, or gift, that each one possesses, if appreciated and cultivated, is known and felt by the sphere of life in which he or she lives, and is not lost in any sense, because "the world" does not sound its praise. There is a truth the "world" has not learned, which is, that the highest order of mentality does not appear on the surface of this life—those possessing it are too modest to thrust themselves forward into the conflict of mediocre minds. They live, very often, large social lives, and are an inspiration to those less conscious of their individual insignificance; and thus is the superior power of these modest lives wafted by many a circle to spheres that would otherwise be isolated from them.

In the struggle to become known of the world, men and women would gain a great deal by striving to be themselves, which is simply being natural. The charm of the floral kingdom lies in its great variety and diversity; so it does in human life. Fashion makes people dress alike, and society bids them act alike, but Nature did not make even two alike; and so it happens that no one is improved in looks or manners except by a close study of individual adaptation. Did each one carefully avoid imitating some one else, and seek to refine their own particular style, all men and women would be interesting, and all talent instructive.

It is only in these latter years that men and women have begun to really know themselves; the spiritual side of their being that was formerly supposed to pertain only to the life beyond the tomb is found to blend harmoniously and divinely with every-day earth-life, and to supplement in untold ways its strongest efforts, so that the weakest need not fail of doing good in the world, nor the poorest talent be ashamed of its present ability. It is possible now for all to find their sphere in this life, to know for what they were born, and to read their eternal destiny from the horoscope cast by each day's work.

THE SOUL ITS OWN MAGICIAN.—However hedged about by unlovely conditions, the triumphant soul will see exquisite possibilities, even in the mire of its earthly bondage. From all the dark ingredients, it sees brought forth the fair products of eternal endurance. As nothing in nature is despicable to science, so the developed inner being despises nothing that lies in the path of its onward progress, knowing spiritually, as well as physically, that out of the sand, clay and soot, and dark water, may come the fine white earth, the opal, the sapphire, and the diamond. And, as the dark water may be distilled into the sparkling dewdrop, so may our tears of sorrow shine out upon life's sky as lovely stars, though they be mirrored in the pool of mud lying at our feet. The soul is the magician whose arts may transform all life's ills.

PARTISANSHIP.

There is no contagion more subtle than partisanship, and we are all liable to catch it. It is a sort of malaria in the air, and we are apt to be badly poisoned by it before we are aware of its existence. It is hard to cure, for the reason that the infected victim is under the hallucination that it is something good to have. There are seasons when it rages epidemically, and we are now in the midst of one.

The usual symptom is an unreasonable attachment to party, and when one has got the distemper very bad he imagines his party the sole depository of all that is true, beautiful and good, and whatever opposes its success the enemy of patriotism and all righteousness. An election is called a campaign. Each party is arrayed in order of battle with banners, drums and uniform. Combativeness mounts guard and takes the place of kindness, good-will and decency. Suspicion grows rank in such an atmosphere. The best words and deeds of an opponent are attributed to the basest motives. His opinions are unworthy of consideration; his arguments not worth heeding. In such a war there is no quarter, no neutrality, and the man who fancies he sees something good on both sides, is denounced as a coward, trimmer or apostate. He is pelted with incorrect epithets. The fate of the nation is declared to hang on the success of a party; its triumphs give assurance of peace and prosperity, and its defeat is portentous of disgrace and disaster.

And what is strange about all this fuss and flutter is that the partisan is not conscious of a selfish zeal or ignoble motive. His zeal is holy zeal, and it is likely to impel him to the use of dangerous motives, and the perpetration of very unholy acts. He says all is fair in war; the end sanctifies the means; we must fight fire with fire; we must beat the devil with his own weapons and tactics. The enemy is corrupt, therefore there is no harm in beating him with corruption. The enemy lies; we may lie in return. He vilifies, we must get even with him. This is what may be called the retaliatory stage of disease.

But it does not stop there; the partisan soon reaches the last stage of the disease. He no longer cares for the truth, seems to like a big, round, plump lie the better, as it hurts harder. He justifies the immoralities of his own managers, and magnifies the weakness and infirmity of the other side. The plan of the campaign must not be too sharply looked into; the platform must not be criticized. Shut your eyes, and swallow the whole dose prepared by the political doctors, and ask no questions. Falsehood follows innuendo, calumny reinforces suspicion. Every miserable subterfuge, mean evasion, and petty concealment is resorted to. The atmosphere is black with the lies shot from one camp to another.

Would it not be well for us all to be on our guard against the first approach of the disorder? Surely it is our duty to be charitable to our political opponents, and award to them the same patriotism and honesty we claim for ourselves. All is not fair in war. No honorable man will fight the devil with his own weapons. The purity of your party is worth more than a triumph; its honor is more to be prized than a victory. Search for good motives, not evil ones. If half the country were as bad as the other half says it is, the whole thing would fall to pieces like a ball of quicksilver. The heart of the American people is in the right place, vote as they may. Be proud of your party if you like, but prouder of the American people.

THE FIDGETY HUSBAND.

From the height of the tripod where we are supposed to see all that is going on in the world, we take the liberty to solemnly warn all women expecting to marry to ascertain if the contemplated husband is a fidget. If you neglect this hint you will rue it to the end of your days. Other vices may be outgrown or modified by the lapse of time, but fidgetiness increases with age. Better stop at the church door and postpone the marriage indefinitely than be tied to a fidget. Do not be deceived because he is in a hurry to lead you to the altar, for he would be just as much in a hurry to be on time at your funeral. An anxiety to be on time is one of the symptoms of this dreadful disease.

To catch the train is the thought ever uppermost. He must have his breakfast an hour earlier on that account, though the station is not five minutes' walk from the door. He walks about the parlor in a restless mood, on Sunday mornings, ever and anon shouting up-stairs, "Hurry up, wife, or we will be too late for church." He stands at the door hat in hand, goes out to the gate, looks up-street, and goes back muttering about women being so slow and poky. If he is about starting on a journey, he drops a tear out of one eye while looking at his watch with the other. He generally begins to talk about it a week beforehand, and leaves peremptory orders to be called an hour earlier, but in the meantime gets up all hours in the night to see what time it is. He leaves the most elaborate instructions about the health of the children, the servants neglecting the fire, and adds a codicil to his will before starting. My dear, shall I take the umbrella? Do you think I will need my overcoat? Did you put the comb and brush in

the valise? Wife, are you sure you did not forget my nightshirt? These are a sample of the questions of the restless, fidgety man. He makes his toilet in a hurry, eats his breakfast in a hurry, kisses his wife and children in a hurry, runs to the train in a hurry, though he has plenty of time. Beware of the fidgety man.

THE BOY MEDIUM.

The writer recently had the privilege of spending a very pleasant evening with the boy medium, Harry White, 610 1-2 Polk street, where we witnessed several phases of mediumship, physical, trance, clairaudience, automatic writing, etc., and from our short experience we feel sanguine that the spirit world have found a fine instrument through which to reflect their great truths.

This boy is but fourteen years of age, and prior to last February he nor his parents knew nothing of Spiritualism. About that time, while living in an Eastern city, his parents informed us that articles of furniture, such as brushes, combs, chairs, tables, and a sewing machine, from time to time would be moved about the room.

The manner in which a large table and also a cane were handled in our presence, simply by the boy laying his hand upon it, gave evidence of the boy possessing a power similar to that of Lulu Hurst. While his physical manifestations are of a strong character, we also found him capable of answering questions through automatic writing very correctly—not only oral ones, but mental as well. He has several controls—one a female spirit, who is bright and quick, replying to questions upon any subject. His elder brother is one of his main guides.

It is with pleasure we refer to this medium, at this time when there is such an outcry of fraud on all hands with our older mediums. With proper care and guarding we think Harry has a bright and useful future before him.

THREE WOMEN'S SUCCESS.

Women are not yet all so confident in their abilities to wrest a good living, if not a goodly competence, from the world, but that the success of any of their venturesome sisters is well for them to know. The recent marriage of one of the famous McCurdy sisters, Miss Mol, brings their names and history once more prominently before the world. Many are familiar with their present circumstances—the ownership of the two immense hotels, one at Richmond, one at Covington, bearing their names; but probably not so many know the history of their acquisition, which is simply one of business enterprise and tact, not often, if ever, excelled by men under the same conditions.

When their father died, nearly fifteen years ago, he left a debt of some ten thousand dollars, which the three sisters courageously undertook to discharge, by continuing the hotel business left at Covington. Miss Mol, though the youngest of the three sisters, was constituted financial and business manager, and the close of seven years saw their father's debts paid off. The most remarkable feat in their financial career was that greater venture without any capital, the large hotel at Clifton Forge, involving fifteen thousand dollars. Although it was thought by olden heads this would be their ruin, the property was all duly paid for, being now held at twenty thousand dollars value.

It is needless to say the three Virginia orphan sisters are now independent. Industry, will-power, and good sense are the talismans of success to any man or woman who relies upon them. They must be believed in, counseled with, and implored for instruction and guidance against all disinterested outer influence. Simply, one must be self-reliant and trustful.

STAGE-STRUCK GIRLS.

There are no doubt hundreds of girls in this and other cities, who have a great hankering for the stage. There seems to be, just now, a craze for this profession, and almost every day we hear of a stage-struck maiden, leaving home to try a theatrical career. The success of Mrs. Langtry or Mrs. Potter has quite likely had much to do in turning their heads. In the blaze of such triumphs, home life becomes humdrum, the drudgery of the shop, store, or school irksome, and the atmosphere behind the footlights alone fascinating.

Where else is so much money to be made, to say nothing of fame, brilliant dresses, seeing one's name in the paper, and one's face in the show windows? Are there not Clara Morris, and Ellen Terry, and Modjeska, and many others who make hundreds of dollars a night, and are the idols of the public? Of course it is true there are scores of poor girls in the stock company, the traveling troupes, the dime museum contingent, who are glad to act for enough to find food and clothing, and who are never mentioned in the press or show-bills. But our stage-struck young lady just turns up her pretty nose at the thought of these.

And so it happened that the glamour of the footlights, and such successes as those of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter, have spoiled lots of real nice girls who would have honored a good home, and made happy wives and mothers. It is not impossible they may make good wives and mothers and go on the stage, but the history of the theatre does not encourage the thought. It is only the successes of the theatres, not the failures, we hear of; but the successful actresses may all be counted on the fingers of one hand. Where one succeeds, ninety-nine fail, and then there is no mode of life so full of hard work, disappointment, discomfort and humiliation.

But this is not the worst feature of the case; no career unsexes a woman so soon and hopelessly as this cruel and drudging mode of life. She must travel from year to year, and encounter all sorts and conditions of people. If all the old stock actresses would tell the story of their career, it would wipe out in total eclipse all the triumphs of such actresses as Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter. It is a life of hard study, bitter disappointment, insults open or covert, thankless neglect and premature age.

"THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM."

In the midst of exciting conflicts over the phenomenal phase of Spiritualism, we are apt to lose sight of the philosophic teachings and religious aspects of our heaven-born religion—the only religion the truth of which can be scientifically proven by the irrefragable evidence of reliable persons now in the form.

We define religion to be the worship of wisdom, truth and love, wherever found, in whatever embodiment, form or name, angel or God. Webster says: "Religion is godliness or real piety in practice, consisting in the performance of all known duties to God and our fellow-men."

No aspiring person will reasonably object to the application of the name of religion as applied to Spiritualism, only that it must not be limited in its philosophic and scientific relations. It is our belief that Spiritual Science is an appellation broad and comprehensive enough to cover the pith of all sciences, whether physical or spiritual; for if the spiritual element could be eliminated from any science, naught but a husk would remain. Many Spiritualists quibble too much over terms; their forces would be used to better advantage in the study of principles.

To those who believe in an over-ruling power, guiding and directing all things, it matters little what the name of that power may be. Those persons who do not recognize any divine principle superior to themselves are not prepared to study the "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism;" to them everything is on the level of materialistic phenomena. In its outward or surface manifestation, investigation of Spiritualism seems to be given up to mere phenomena—seeking for a sign.

In the preface to a course of lectures by Joel Tiffany, Esq., published in 1856, Phenix (the pseudonym of Prof. Mapes) said: "They are the source by which those who have passed through the curiosity-phase of the subject of Spiritualism are enabled to review their observations and apply them usefully to their own 'progression,' thus succinctly placing the true relations existing between the phenomenal and philosophical phases of Spiritualism. A few extracts from these lectures may be interesting to those investigators who are not familiar with our literature extant thirty years ago."

Says Mr. Tiffany: "The only perfect mode of communication is the interior method, or communion by inspiration. . . . If we will know that truth which is required to build us up into eternal life, we must ascertain what conditions are necessary to be observed to bring us into interior communion with the spirit, so that without outward sign they can flow directly into our consciousness. . . . Thus truth must come to us without any recourse to Bibles or any other standard whatever. . . . It is possible for every person to come into rapport with the interior spheres. According to one's ruling love or desire will be his affinity or communion with the spheres of the spirit world. If that be high, his communion will be high. If low, his communion will be low."

"According to the elevation of our spiritual sphere in the sphere of truth or love, as we approach the infinite and absolute, will be the perfection of this method of communication. If we are very low, it corresponds very much to the external mode. But as we raise it becomes more interior and refined, until finally, being unfolded to the plane of the absolute in our consciousness, perceptions and affections, we shall come into direct rapport with the infinite, and receive communications directly from the Divine—not by any outward sign or symbol, but by the infusing of the Divine thought and affection. This is the way, and the only way, that spiritual truths can be communicated. . . ."

"Every person who would understand the spiritual world must be his or her own medium. God must write His law upon your understanding, and put it in your affections. If you want to become mediums for interior communications, you must become absolutely true in every thought, feeling and affection; become absolutely pure in every desire and aspiration of your souls; become absolutely just in all your relations of life; so that morning, noon, and night you shall be inquiring and thirsting after righteousness. Such an individual will not need any outward signs to convey truth to him."

PORTRAITURE.—There is no class of art work which appeals more strongly to the public taste than portrait painting, either in oil, crayon, water colors, pastel, etc., and it is to this line of artistic work that Mr. C. A. Rogers, now at 317 Mason street, is especially directing his attention. Mr. Rogers is a thorough artist, having given much time and study to portraiture, both in this country and in Germany. He not only gives a most truthful portrayal of the lineaments of features, but the soul expression is not lacking in his pictures. His portraits in water colors of Miss Alice Beigle and her sister Edna, the daughters of Doctor Beigle, are marvels of beauty, and show the artist hand of high degree. Our friends will find a cordial greeting at Mr. Rogers' studio, where his work can be examined, and speaks for itself, in language more potent than anything we may say.

A GOOD LAW.—It is a great mental relief to read of the law recently enacted for the protection of hotel guests, and now going generally into effect in New York City. The regulation is that every hotel proprietor place a rope or other fire escape within ready reach of every room above the ground floor. This, with most houses, will be no light expense, but the law is being complied with without grumbling. The Grand Union Hotel has placed ready for use six miles of rope, and eight lines of iron fire escapes. When all the great cities' public houses are thus provided, it does not seem possible that there can be any more holocausts of human life from hotel

conflagrations. This measure of protection should extend to places of public gathering, and dictate their mode of construction.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—W. J. Colville expects to be in San Diego in November.

—Mrs. Crossette will lecture three Sundays in October, before the Spiritual Society of San Jose. Mrs. Crossette is said to be a fine inspirational speaker.

—This evening, Saturday Oct. 6, 1888, those who are interested, are invited to attend a concert and recitation entertainment. A fine program will be offered, and the tickets will be sold at the door. Price ten cents. Come one and all. No. 106 McAllister street, Metaphysical College.

—The spiritual meetings inaugurated by Mrs. F. A. Logan in Mr. W. J. Colville's College Hall, 106 McAllister street, opposite New City Hall, Wednesday and Tuesday evenings, are very interesting and harmonious, always participated in by a number of different speakers and mediums.

—We wish to correct the mistake in Mrs. Dr. Beigle's card, from Room 27 Flood Building, to Room 37. Her office is on the third floor, at the opposite end of the hall from the GOLDEN GATE office. The little Doctor is the very soul of honor and nobleness, possessing a healing power vouchsafed but to few.

—Mrs. Josephine R. Wilson will open an evening class at Tucker's Hall, Alameda, Monday October 8th, at 8 P. M., in Spiritual Science of Health and Healing. All persons interested in joining the class can learn all particulars by addressing Mrs. Wells, 1511 1-2 Park street, Alameda.

—Mrs. A. H. Colby-Luther will speak for the People's Spiritual Society at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M., at their hall, 116 Sixth avenue, Chicago, Sunday, Oct. 7th, and on each Sunday afternoon and evening during the month of October, to be followed by Mr. J. Clegg Wright and others, during the fall and winter months.

—We give elsewhere this week the sworn statement of Mrs. Josie Hoffman, as reported by the Psychological Research Society. It would have been ready for publication many weeks ago, but for the absence of Mr. Palmer, the President. As we have received a number of letters regarding this report, we make this explanation.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the noted platform test medium, opens a series of Sunday evening meetings, at Odd Fellows' Hall, to-morrow, Oct. 7th. After a long Eastern trip of pleasure, combined with mediumistic labor, Mrs. Whitney returns with increased powers. Give her a warm reception, friends, such as she so richly deserves.

—On Sunday, October 9th, Mr. J. Gore will lecture at 7:30 P. M., at 106 McAllister street. Subject: "Psychometry." A metaphysical conference at 2:30 P. M. It is hoped that Mrs. M. E. Cramer will entertain the audience, assisted by Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Cramer spoke on Sunday last, and her earnest, soul-stirring words gave proof of a mind attuned to the key-note, Good. All are welcome.

—The concert held at No. 106 McAllister street, Metaphysical College, on September 29th, was one in which rare talent was displayed. Everything was well done, and the assistance rendered was of great good toward payment of rent, all of which is very highly appreciated by Mrs. J. R. Wilson, who so earnestly desires to keep the place as a center for class work, and who also lectures on the subject so dear to all inquirers—Spiritual Science, Health and Healing.

—The meetings at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, have been presided over by Capt. J. H. Shepard during the absence of the President, Mr. Davis. Mrs. Shepard has assisted her husband greatly, filling Mrs. Davis' place as Secretary. The meetings have been highly successful, and Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan has won "golden opinions" from all as a medium of great ability on the platform as well as for private work. The interest has seemed to increase with each successive meeting.

—The October number of the Century completes its thirty-sixth volume and eighteenth year of publication. The Century has become almost a household necessity in every cultivated home in America. The highly interesting, illustrated articles, from the pen of George Kennan, on the "Siberian Exile System," which are now forming a series in that periodical, are alone worth more than the yearly subscription. It was a stupendous enterprise, and has given information of Siberian exile life that we could otherwise never have known.

—The panorama of the battle of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, under the management of the California Panorama Co., corner of Tenth and Market streets, is one of the finest entertainments of its kind, ever given in this city. The representation of the battle is said by old soldiers who were participants, to be wonderfully true to life. There is a mellow beauty in the landscape scene, picturesque yet melancholy. Neither the blue nor the gray could wish for "cough more magnificent" upon which to rest after the bloody conflict, than on the mountain side where nature has lavished so much. To the lover of nature, the panorama of Lookout will hold attractions other than that historic. They have quite an array of musicians, which also adds to the entertainment.

"Taken at the Flood."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

May the "Flood Gates" of the tide of fortune be lifted, and bring to you all the good that you so richly deserve. Through the GOLDEN GATE much thought is given expression that uplifts humanity, and a communion of mind proven that is beyond the suspicion of a doubt. Truth is eternal, and will live, whatever may come; and the law of good will never cease to act. Go on, and prove immortal life and eternal good. May angels guard all who may protect this GOLDEN GATE, and bring the gold of earth to those who labor for its support. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Prosperity attend thee, and in thy new home may the name of the building be a prophecy of the "Flood" tide of good luck, morally, socially, and spiritually. J. R. W.

A Line from the "Garden City."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I fear when you receive this you will feel that San Jose is monopolizing too much room in your sheet, but we feel so happy over the new interest awakened in our spiritual circles that we want to tell you all about it.

The Spiritual Union made a good move when it rented G. A. R. Hall for the year, for it inaugurates all to do their best to keep the platform occupied. By this means we have been able to bring both speakers and mediums of merit before our San Jose people; and although we can not bring in the outside world as we would wish, we feel that persistent, united effort will succeed in the end.

I want to thank you for the quotation from Talmage's sermon in the last number of the GOLDEN GATE. It is well for our people to know what ecclesiastical power is doing, and see how they carry out the Christ principle, which they claim as their guide.

An idea struck me as the "Form of Bequest" met my eye. It was this: That all those truly interested in the advance of the cause of Spiritualism, should feel it a pleasure and a duty to give a portion of what they can not take with them for this work; but there are two important things to consider: 1st, That they do justice to those connected to them by family ties. 2d, That such portion as they can leave without infringing on the rights of these should be so fixed that that portion shall be used as they desire. So many times people leave things in such a manner as to frustrate their object, and make it seem like a lack of justice on the part of a society or company to accept their bequest. While one has the right to use their own as they like, there are the rights of others that can not be ignored. On the other hand, justice to the one who has made the bequest would demand that their wishes be respected, and no one should have the power of appropriating to other purposes such portion as they may have dedicated to a certain use. You understand that I mean after the rights of others have been consulted. I feel very much in earnest about this, as there has been so much dissension, so much enmity, caused by the lack of justice, or by the loose way in which people have left their finances.

I want to tell you how much we have enjoyed the engagement of Mr. J. J. Morse during the month of September. It has been an intellectual, as well as a social treat. As Mr. Morse is possessed of a large social nature, he makes himself very genial. You have already been told of the reception (or social reunion), held at the cosy parlors of Mrs. Champion and Mrs. Crossette. Last evening Dr. and Mrs. Bentley threw wide open the doors of their hospitable home, inviting us all to meet there. I was, I regret to say, unable to be present, so cannot tell you just how it was; but knowing as I do the hospitable, genial, sunny nature of both host and hostess; knowing as I do the social qualities of Mr. Morse and his happy-faced wife, who accompanied him this time, I know that everyone was happy, and I could almost imagine, as I sat in my own home, the words of cordial greeting, the words of hearty appreciation, and the words of encouragement, that were exchanged during the evening. I could fancy that I heard the sweet voice of Miss Fanny Knowles, who has added so much to the interest of our meetings for the past summer, not only with the excellent taste displayed in her selections, and her sweet and expressive rendition of them, but with her exquisite manipulations of the piano as well.

One word more, and I am done. Many of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE are friends of N. F. Ravlin, and often express a desire to hear more from his pen. That prosperity may ever attend the GOLDEN GATE, its editor and his good wife, is the sincere wish of

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

465 St. James street, San Jose, Oct. 2, 1888.

Descendant of Miles Standish.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I can not express to you the pleasure received by the perusal of your noble paper of Sept. 29th. It reaches home to my heart in many ways. The true and beautiful "Reminiscences of the Pilgrim Fathers" make every pulse of my brain vibrate with joy—truth in every line, divine truth permeating every thought. Myself a direct descendant of Miles Standish, the nineteenth only from the grand old Pilgrim, I feel his blood flowing, pulsating for the truth, as he felt in the days gone by. As he, with his noble followers, suffered for the cause nearest and dearest to his heart, should not we, his descendants, advocate and, if need be, suffer for the glorious cause of Spiritualism? He is with us, his spirit helping, sustaining us in all our trials; lifting the standard high above the criticism of the skeptical world; showing that, "though dead," he still speaketh; and that the iron will that could brook no oppression still lives as earnest to-day as in the bleak December, when, amid the chilling snows and hostile foes, he lifted up his voice for right and justice. I am proud to be the scion of such a race, and trust that my advocacy of truth may be as unflinching as his.

Every foot of ground, as described by your correspondent, my feet have trod, and I seem as if my youthful days had returned, as I peruse the lines written by him. Quincy, my home for years—at home in the old Quincy homestead when a youth. How my heart turns backward to the days of "lang syne." And "Samoset," the dear old chief, my guide and companion in spirit! how often has he guided my way when earth seemed drear! How little do we estimate and appreciate the good the spirits of the departed can do for us, in molding and governing our lives.

O, my brother! spread the glorious gospel of glad tidings far and wide, until an echo is awakened in the hearts of all, seeing the truth, and they shall come to your assistance in spreading before the people, with means, and words of cheer, that your hands may be upheld, your purse replenished, and the hoarded abundance of some be given lavishly to the spreading of the cause, and the promulgating of that which makes better fathers, mothers, and children. Soon my days are over; then I trust my work may roll on, through the means given me by the good spirits, long after "I shall be at rest in the sweet summer land." Blessings rest upon you, and the dear children of your brain, send them forth again and again, bright harbingers of truth.

Truly yours,

P. GEORGE.

LOS ANGELES, October 2, 1888.

Correction.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In my letter of the 29th ult. on "Reincarnation," the sense is somewhat marred by the accidental substitute of the word "past" for "first." In the quotation from the words of the spirit "Benelot," it should read, "There gains its first—not past—rudimentary idea of existence," thus contradicting the "oriental idea of

prior existence of elementaries," "floating astral shells," spirit cadavers, Mahomet coffins, and all such nonsense.

A. Y. E.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Loch Lomond.

BY ARTHUR ABRAHAM.

Don't get nervous, dear reader, should you journey with us. We will not take you across the broad Atlantic and climb the crags and heights of merry Scotland in search of Loch Lomond, but will lead you by easy stages, by green grass and running water up the vine-clad hills in Santa Cruz county, near Ben Lomond mountains to a quiet little nook some six miles northwest of Felton, where lies nestled, yea almost embowered beneath tall redwood, and taller fir trees, the beautiful little Loch Lomond, which in certain seasons of the year is alive with little speckled beauties of the finny tribe.

The rambles around this miniature lake, situated as it is in the midst of a timber growth so dense as to shut out at midday almost entirely the rays of the sun, gives to these serpentine paths a twilight shade enchantingly weird and romantic. Now follow us out of this wood-embowered, this sylvan retreat, to the mountain side to a neat cottage; we might say cottages, as there are several, but to the one above all others, known as "Bonny Doon," and we will introduce you to Dr. Morse, the matter-of-fact, yet genial host, and to his wife, the bright sunny hostess, both from "Yankee Land." Let the clouds lower and darkness encompass the earth, yet within this cottage sunshine is ever present, and the painstaking hostess is ever on the alert with cheery words and motherly kindness to make the stay of guests homelike in the highest sense of the term. In the season of fruits their table is loaded with peaches, apples, blackberries raspberries, melons, etc., not to mention the products of their Jersey cows, chickens, eggs, and other luxuries gotten up for the table in true eastern style. If the question as to whether "birds and animals can reason," is ever settled in the scientific world or not; one thing was seemingly true, that the longer we prolonged our stay at Bonny Doon the higher the chickens roosted. But like Capt. Scott's coon, they had to come down when needed for the pot.

On taking our leave of Bonny Doon we felt as did a typo who is poetically inclined, who spent a few days at this excellent summer resort; and after returning to his home in the city, gave vent to his feelings thusly:

"Oh Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon,

I went too late and came too soon."

He says he is going back as soon as he gets over this attraction for writing poetry.

Whoever can spend their summer outing in this charming, health-giving region will be more than compensated in health, as the light, bracing atmosphere acts as a constant tonic and invigorator, as we can testify after a short stay at this home in the mountains.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 30, 1888.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening we had a very interesting meeting, being our monthly social for the benefit of the Association. Mrs. Cowell of Oakland, gave the opening invocation, followed by recitations and songs by the children of the Lyceum, also by other friends who volunteered their assistance. Afterwards Madam DeRoth (psychometrist) occupied the platform in giving tests which proved very satisfactory, to a large number present. After which Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan gave a number of convincing tests from the platform.

There was a large audience present, and I think all were very well satisfied with our exercises. Mrs. Finnigan has promised to be with us next Sunday evening. We invite all friends to come and visit us, and investigate for themselves.

Wishing you success in your efforts to spread the light, I remain yours for the truth, MRS. W. DAVIS, Secretary.

OAKLAND, Oct. 2, 1888.

—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists held an unusual interesting session Sunday last, at 2 o'clock. They have inaugurated a series of Sunday evening meetings, the proceeds of which are to go to benefit the Free Spiritual Library. The talent they have had during September has been attractive and interesting, consisting of the Beasy Babies, Fred Emerson Brooks, and others.

THE BABY'S CREED.

I believe in my Papa,
Who loves me—oh, so dearly!
I believe in Santa Claus,
Who comes to see me yearly.
I believe the birds talk
On the boughs together;
I believe the fairies dance
O'er the fields of heather;
I believe my dolly knows
Every word that's spoken;
I believe it hurts her, too,
When her nose is broken.
Oh! I believe in lots of things,—
I can't tell you all the rest—
But I believe in you, Mamma,
First, and last, and best!

—Charles H. Lugin, in St. Nicholas for October.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINTERBORN'S EXTRACT would always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Spirit of Intolerance Detrimental to Progress.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

"What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won
Without a fight to gain it?
No other way of getting on
But grasping to obtain it?"

We pride ourselves upon being citizens of the grandest Republic the world has ever seen; and so it is grand and stands pre-eminent to-day because our Constitution is based upon so broad and liberal a platform, that none are deprived of their God-given, divine right of free thought. Those great patriots, the founders of the principles upon which this government was established, had even then a foreshadowing of the truth which Mrs. Harris so beautifully expressed when she said, "To be free to think, is to be free indeed; to be forced to think another's conclusions is the worst slavery;" and yet there are people in our midst to-day, learned, intelligent and gifted, who turn a deaf ear to any and all opinions not entirely coinciding with their own preconceived views. These people persist in inflicting a series of petty persecutions upon those who differ from them; of spreading false reports; of preaching long and stupid discourses against their opponents, until their afflicted audiences become bored and perplexed; and those who prefer to do their own thinking either become skeptical or go about investigating for themselves a state of things just opposite from that which these expounders had anticipated, as they had desired and expected to bring every one who should come within hearing of their voice to their way of thinking.

This spirit is in opposition to all progression, and to the teachings of our forefathers when they instituted this government. There are great diversities of opinion even among different denominations of Christians; it has divided them; they have branched off, and instead of reasoning among themselves, it has given rise to a feeling of opposition, each deeming themselves the only correct expounders of religion; and even those who profess to have no settled convictions in regard to an established faith, or the future life, are quick to show antagonism to the views of others, opposing everything and anything without any definite reason for so doing; in this way acting as stumbling blocks in the way of others who are striving to reach the truth wherever found.

This same disposition has always been manifest; it is one of the weaknesses of frail humanity. This spirit was the instigator of the inquisition, led martyrs to the stake, and has furnished material which darkens and stains the pages of history with the blood of many of the noblest of our race. How opposed to the teachings of Christ who preached good will, peace on earth! His illustration of the good Samaritan being but one of the many lessons he taught; still, strange to relate, it has always been the fate of reformers and all instigators of new theories and discoveries, to have this element to contend with, owing to the fact that mankind, through arrogance, pride, and egotism, are puffed up in their own conceit, not realizing that their neighbor may have as clear and well authenticated conceptions of what is truth as himself, and who are typical of the self-righteous Pharisee whom Christ rebuked, and who said, "I thank thee that I am not as other men."

This spirit has opposed science. When Galileo made the assertion that the earth was a globe revolving in space, he was not only ridiculed, but persecuted, and made to retract his words in order to save his life. Columbus was retarded in his efforts to follow out his convictions, based upon scientific principles, and had it not been for his indomitable perseverance and the help of a noble woman, would in all probability have failed in his enterprise. Martin Luther, by discountenancing errors that existed in the Church, was by his supreme efforts instrumental in bringing about, with the aid of other advanced minds, the Reformation, whereby we today enjoy liberty of religious opinion. "Thus the Bible, his conscience, and private judgment, were the three powers to which he appealed against tradition, the Pope, and the councils." When the solitary monk entered the hall of the Diet at Freundsberg, an able military commander tapped him on the shoulder, and justly said, "Monk! monk! thou art on a passage more perilous than any which I and many other commanders ever knew on the bloodiest battle fields; if thou art right, fear not."

Titus Quintus, a Roman Consul, in a speech to the Senate, is credited with saying, "The eternal disputes between the Senate and the people is the sole cause of our misfortunes." He then counsels them to become united, to extinguish these fatal divisions, which rendered them powerless and inactive, and pledged himself to lead them on to victory, put their enemy to flight, restore peace and tranquility, or submit to any punishment if he failed.

It seems to us that with the light of history and experience to guide us, the spirit of intolerance and disrespect for the honest opinions of others is still too prevalent among us. There is but one way to eradicate this evil—to speak out our convictions without fear, but in kindness, with sincerity and honesty of purpose, with a firm conviction that enlightenment,

truth, and universal good will yet predominate over ignorance, selfishness, and error. In conclusion I will introduce an old-time table familiar to many, which was intended to illustrate that "persuasion is better than force."

The sun and wind disputed which was the most powerful, and declared that he should be proclaimed the victor who could first divest a traveler of his cloak. The north wind first tried his power, and blew with all his might. The keener became his blasts, the closer the traveler wrapped his cloak about him, until at last, resigning all hope of victory, he called upon the sun to see what he could do. The sun shone out with all his warmth. The traveler no sooner felt his genial rays than he took off his cloak.

A SEARCHER FOR TRUTH.

OAKLAND, Sept. 29, 1888.

RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.

P. C. TOMSON, & Co., PHILA.:—I have made three experiments with your Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Caustic Lye with the following results: First, I used twenty-seven cans of the Lye in twenty-seven gallons of water, and sprayed twenty-seven trees with this solution. At first it looked as if these trees were killed, but they have come out in full bloom and look strong and thrifty. I then changed and used one can to seven gallons of water, but found that this was a little too weak, and finally settled down to about five gallons of water to a can of the Lye, and this has completely destroyed all the scale.

S. R. JOHNSON.

This 98 Per Cent Lye, it will be noticed, has only 2 per cent of salt, and as the soil on this Coast must have quite enough of salt already, it follows that all salt used is a positive injury not only to the trees, but also to the land. We are quite sure that Red Seal Granulated Lye will destroy all kinds of insects, and is the cheapest and best of anything that has ever yet been discovered. Call at your grocery store for Tomson's Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Lye; or send two postage stamps to P. C. Tomson & Co., 248 North Third street, Philadelphia, and we will send you a book that will give you all the information that is known in regard to killing insects, and much more valuable information. ap14-6m*

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, free. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 241 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; also, Saturday evenings. Meetings by same Society, at same place, every Sunday evening, at which a choice musical and literary entertainment will be offered, for benefit of their free spiritual library. Admission, 10 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 109½ and 111½ Market street. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN WILL HOLD SPIRITUAL meetings in W. J. Colville's College Hall, 108 McAllister street, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Speeches, music and a circle formed of the entire audience for healing, development and tests. Admittance, 10 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by Mrs. Ladd Finnigan. Admission, free.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Persimmon streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets regularly every Friday evening at 108 McAllister street, at 7:30 sharp. Free library and free admission.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 108 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M.

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*When ordered by mail, eight per cent added for postage.

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

This is an ancient Order established in the long, long ago by advanced spirits in the higher realms of spirit life. A branch or counterpart has been brought earthward, and established for the benefit of earth's children. The Sun Angels are dwellers in the highest spirit realms on this and other planets. Their lives are divine through growth and experience, that has come to them through their many incarnations on this and other planets, and their varied experiences in spirit spheres; they are guardians of our planet and others. Sun Angels guide, minister, bless and instruct. They are messengers to other worlds, they are spirit parents to children here in the earth life valley, for whom they are working; that each one may be perfected here in the earth life form.

They are a power in themselves; a great many are now incarnated on this world. Some are messengers, all are magnets, thus giving their spirit parents, brothers and sisters the necessary conditions to do their work on earth.

Without these incarnated beings it would not be possible for the spirits to form batteries to protect those they love and guide. A great many of the spirits now incarnated on this planet are members of this sacred Order of the Sun Angels in the higher spirit spheres of this and other planets. Frequently parties join the Order, and soon begin to realize the relationship that exists between themselves and the Order in the spirit land.

These are but comparatively few, but as years roll on many will find this to be a positive fact. This dawning light will find its home in many a heart, and in time to come many of those that are members in spirit land will be members in earth land.

Every form here in earth life can be traced to its dual soul mate in the spheres or in earth life. Male and female are they all; and the great desire of the Sun Angels is to introduce each one to their soul mates in earth life, and there unite them in bonds of harmony and love, by bringing them face to face, through the aid of their loved Order of Light, and thus uniting the two worlds in the bonds of love and wisdom, and teaching them the lessons they bring from celestial spheres, and make them radiators of light, love and truth, that cometh from celestial spheres, and interpreters and teachers of the higher laws of life, that they may bless mankind with light, love, wisdom and truth, and reveal the hidden mysteries of the uncounted and distant ages of the past. With these objects in view have they established a counterpart of their Order in earth life, as it is in the higher spheres.

The Sun Angel Order of Light was organized under the immediate supervision of oriental guides, who through experiences, earthly and in spirit spheres, have become a law unto matter, and has for its objects, principles and subordinates the following points given and approved by the guides:

1. This Order is to be the home or center of harmony, from which shall radiate the love labors of the spirit world; each member being a star, receiving light from the sun, meaning to them their guardians, angels, or higher spirits, who have for their aim the blessing of mankind.

2. This Order shall be composed of members who work in unison, holding oneness of purpose to be the brightest link in the chain of harmony.

3. It shall be the first object of each member to overcome the known imperfections of their own natures, thereby making their souls receptive to the influences of the spirits who will be delegated to the work of uprooting and upbuilding; also the full unfolding of their highest medial powers and possibilities.

4. The entire business of the Order shall be under the honest consideration of each member, as each is best judge of his or her own necessities, capacities and capabilities.

5. Each Order circle shall be devoted to a pleasant and profitable exchange of thought and experience, and whatever at such meetings seems of most importance.

6. To members of the Order a full compensation for every kindly deed will be answered according to the motive that prompts; for motive and reward are measured in the same chalice, and the angels that measure are just.

7. An Order circle shall be held each month, at which time there shall be put into the treasury from each member, be they present or otherwise, the sum of twenty-five cents, said money to be entirely at the disposal of the guides of the Order.

8. The officers of the Order shall consist of President, Corresponding Secretary, Vice-President and Treasurer, whose duties will be made manifest by the demands of the Order. It shall be the duty of each officer to bring before the members at each monthly meeting all communications received from parties near or distant, who seek knowledge from, or communication with, the Order, that no member may be kept in the dark, thereby lessening the home interests of the Order.

9. The nomination of officers and all business pertaining to the inner working of the Order, is to be laid before the spirit guides for their consideration and approval. To each member will be delegated influences (from the higher realms of spirit life), best adapted to the unfolding of

their highest medial powers and possibilities; who in connection with the guardian angel or soul mate, will attend them, and strive to unfold their spiritual natures, and prepare each one to become a transmitter of light and truth from celestial spheres to bless the children of earth.

The meetings of the Order of Light are held monthly, on the last Sunday of each month. One hour is devoted to interchange of thought and control, or reading communications from members of the Order, after which there is a dark seance, and during this seance the guides magnetize pieces of flannel for the members of the Order to wear as magnets. Envelopes containing one of these magnets is sent by mail to each member monthly, with instructions. These magnets form centers or connections with the home center, over which the angels of the Order come and go, ever bringing glad tidings of love and an accompanying assurance of their love and protecting power.

Mrs. Anna Daniels, of Mexico, N. Y., is the materializing medium of the Sun Angel Order of Light. Through her influence the celestial brides and bridegrooms are enabled to step from the unseen to the seen, or to clothe themselves with materiality, and walk and talk with their soul mates, and demonstrate their interest and love for their loved ones who are still dwellers in the mist-covered valleys of earth.

Saidie, the leader of the Oriental Band and Sun Angel Order of Light, comes in materialized form, dressed in robes of fleecy whiteness, and talks freely with the members, advising in all matters, giving encouraging words to each member in a loving, motherly manner, that creates in each heart a responsive echo of a pure love.

Spirits, both male and female, large and small, freely mingle with the members in mirthfulness and joy, and salute the members with unmistakable tokens of love and affection. Through the influence of the magnets, the spirits delegated to attend each member will bring a power that will develop or unfold the medial powers each member may possess, and bring them into use to bless humanity with light and truth from the higher realms of spirit life. No one that is seeking light from the higher realms of spirit life can wear the magnets of the angel order without receiving actual benefit, both spiritually and physically. But all to be benefited spiritually or otherwise, must strive to live lives of purity and goodness, and thus form an atmosphere surrounding them that the guides and guardians can live in.

The light seances are grand, at which those in attendance are blessed with the presence in materialized forms of lovely, beautiful, wise, and powerful spirits, dwellers on planets Mercury, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, Celeste, Uranus, Orion, Harmona, and from many planets that our earth, or its astronomers, have not seen, or known anything about. They freely mingle with the members of the Order, and converse in a free and familiar manner. We are often visited by the soul mates, both men and women, who come to their own in earth life, and greet them with their angel love. They come in all their beauty and loveliness, to their soul mates, who still dwell in the earth valleys of their incarnation, and greet them with their angel love.

The Sun Angel Order of Light was organized by Spirit Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band, in Mexico, N. Y., July 13, 1884, Saidie being in materialized form, Mrs. Anna Daniels, medium.

The angels wish all earth's children to become members of the sacred Order, that they may help them to reach their Father's house. All applications for membership should be addressed to J. B. Fayette, Box 1362, Oswego, N. Y. Members that are unable to be present (on account of being separated by distance) at the Order seances, will please forward their dues, twenty-five cents for one month, or for three or six months, or for the year, as they may elect. The Sun Angel Order of Light was duly incorporated in the State of New York, according to law, October 16, 1886.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, SEPT. 21, 1888.

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Pre-Historic and Future America.

Continued from First Page.

can we not say that if similar battles had to be fought over again, they could be unbloody conflicts? That the spear and sword of intelligent arbitration would take the place of the cannonading of days gone by? Are we not all looking forward to the time when freedom will be maintained at all hazards; when liberty will be achieved at any cost; when the world will have so developed its brain, its intelligence and humanitarian instinct, that instead of going to war with clubs, spears, swords and cannon—instead of imitating the wild beast that tears its fellow to pieces—we shall employ our moral sense, our intellect, our superior mental and psychological power and settle all our differences by arbitration, until at length we have no differences with any one to settle?

The time is coming, without doubt, when the new nation inhabiting these shores will be a nation in whom all the prophecies concerning the true Israel will be fulfilled; where the lion and the lamb will lie down together—a symbol of perfect gentleness united with superb strength, fortitude and courage.

The time has now come when the world is determined to look back, and man is bent on tracing his origin, as best he may, from peoples who have long since ceased to be.

We have often been asked the questions: "What reason is there for the North American Indians in spirit life playing so prominent a part in the giving of spiritual communication? Why is it that a very large number of mediumistic people claim to have Indian guides? Why is it that the Indians figure so largely in modern spiritual revelations, particularly on this continent?"

We tell you that the Indians are not a savage people gradually rising into civilization, but a dying people who were once marvellously enlightened, and who, from causes already alluded to, have been, for centuries, slowly dwindling away—descending in the scale—until at last they will pass away as a distinct nation, but mingling gradually with others, they will take their place in the common humanity of the future. As a distinct people they have their career behind rather than before them.

What may be said of the North American Indians may be said of other aborigines. Wherever you find a country which seems to be new, but concerning which traditions and legends without number have found their way into mythology and the oldest literature extant, you find people who have, for ages, been slowly declining, and at length, as a nation, they will pass away altogether. But they must give their meed of information concerning the days of their palmiest glory; they must deliver their full message to mankind; they must finish their work, before, as a distinct nation, they cease to be.

We do not believe all nations originated from one man and one woman; neither do we believe any Bible says they did. The first chapter of Genesis, 27th verse, says, that on the sixth day, or sixth great period, which the author of the Pentateuch recognized as the period of creation, or, as some people would prefer to say, the evolution of man, God, the Eternal Being, created man and woman in His own image, saying unto them, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth." Whether there were created then but one man and one woman, or a million men and a million women, whether one race or a number of races, whether they were all brought into being upon one spot or in many different places, no one is able to decide from the very vague and scanty details which the Pentateuch supplies. Many commentators, and two of the most wonderful books recently published, Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis" and "Ragnarok," suggest that the account in Genesis was not an account of the first creation of the world at all; that it had nothing whatever to do with the origin of the globe, but that it related to the re-creation or re-population of a world that had been at least partially destroyed by a great fire deluge.

And here we wish you to notice two facts: One is, that the traditions of all nations point to a belief that there was once a watery deluge which destroyed almost everybody, but not quite all the world's inhabitants, and that there will be a fiery catastrophe which will at length destroy the whole globe. The nations look back upon water, and look forward to fire; not only among the Christians, but among almost every denomination and tribe of people upon the earth, it is the same. But there are many who look back behind water to fire, and tell of a fiery catastrophe which antedated the watery one. Then after the watery deluge was over, they say that God promised He would not again destroy the world with water, but they all expect the next desolation will be by means of fire.

Now, when Col. Ingessoll lectures upon "Hell," he says people did not believe in a literal hell without some reason, but that the literal hell is in the bowels of the earth.

In the bowels of the earth there is fire, without doubt, and also water. We know of both by means of the geysers or hot springs, where the water comes up from a very great depth. In Iceland, which is located in the far northern part of the world, and has a very cold climate, there are boiling springs, absolutely proving the existence of fire and water under the earth. Volcanic eruptions prove be-

yond the shadow of a doubt that even now there is continual combustion going on near to the center of the globe—at all events, very far below the surface of the ground. We discover by the aid of science that all allusions to fire, sulphur, brimstone, and everything else of that nature, in the Bible, are mysteriously complicated allusions to man's scientific discoveries and actual experiences in the past. No one really imagines anything, for an imagination is something imaged upon the mind. Our imagination is not foundationless fancy, but imaginations are pictures imprinted with more or less accuracy upon the tablets of our mind and memory; everything we imagine, we have either seen perfectly or imperfectly; it has either been revealed to us from without, or we have remembered it as something connected with a past race or individual experience.

Now, not only do we find fire and water under the earth, but we find records of ages of fire and ages of water. The geologist, in his researches, discovers igneous rocks, showing distinctly where fire has burned large portions of the globe. Again, all over the earth, and in the most unexpected places, alluvial deposits are met with, proving that water has been where land now is.

Biblical accounts of a fiery and a watery deluge, a fiery deluge before a watery one, and also the allusions to a fiery deluge yet anticipated, are vague allusions to great and wonderful upheavals which occurred far back in the annals of prehistoric peoples. While it may be an open question whether a comet ever collided with the earth or not, and whether the "drift age" was occasioned by such a collision, no one can say that he knows when man was not upon the earth, for many eminent geologists declare they have found satisfactory evidences of the existence of man upon earth before the drift age.

Before this age the remains of man are said to be entombed, or very deeply buried in the earth; and as many different reasons have been assigned for the drift age, and it has been placed by some geologists very much earlier than by others, in the scientific world it is now an entirely open question as to when man first inhabited the earth. You may prove he was on earth a hundred thousand years ago, perhaps, but you cannot prove that he was not on the earth a million years ago. You may prove that the history of man has extended back for very many thousands of years, and be certain when there are evidences of human work deposited in the earth, that man must have been there, or those deposits or formations would have been impossible; but no one who has studied the natural sciences, is prepared to say just how old man is. Man's occupation of the earth carries us so very far back into the night of prehistoric antiquity, that millions of ages may have been occupied in the rising and falling of human tribes and peoples, as in the rising and falling of the surface of the earth.

The philosophers, when referring to a grand cycle, or year of the gods, declare that everything, at the end of this great period, is exactly as it was at its commencement. Not only the Greeks, but also the Hindoos, held the opinion that we are continually revolving, and therefore, with the culmination of an epoch, we find ourselves exactly where we were at its beginning—just as the year goes round, for it is always midwinter when 365 days have elapsed since the 21st of December of the previous year.

A great many people are led to inquire, "If this is so, is not the world continually rolling round merely, instead of marching forward? Is not the idea of progress then chimerical? Are we not merely turning round and round like a wheel, but never advancing?"

We answer, Not so, for there are two movements of the cycles of the ages, as there are two movements of the earth itself. One movement is a simply rotary movement, but the other is a forward movement; for while the earth is always turning round, it is also going forward whilst it is revolving.

It is true that everything does, in a certain sense, come back to the point from which it started. There is an immense amount of truth in the old Hindoo conception of the divine year, but it must always be borne in mind that when this divine year is accomplished, when one octave of the music of the spheres is completed, while the same note will be struck again, it will be struck an octave higher, for the world has gone forward as well as having revolved. The progress of the world is like the progress of the musical scale. As your fingers pass up the scale, you strike a, b, c, d, e, f, g, and then again reach a, which commences a higher octave, so do you spiritually ascend the scale note by note, and octave by octave, ever advancing higher and higher, and so through all the universe, as the ages roll on, human souls and races of spirits are ever advancing from octave to octave in the celestial music which is ever being performed by numberless choirs, and there are countless millions of octaves to compass ere the perfect state, as seen even from man's present standpoint, is reached.

While there is a perfect scale, and millions upon millions of octaves, the music of the higher spheres can only be heard by the ears of beings attuned to melodies utterly unknown to the earth, because they are the products of vibrations in registers entirely beyond earthly comprehension.

We tell you that all this fair and beautiful American territory was once occupied by highly civilized people; we tell you that you can dig deeply under the ground, and exhume the remains of people who lived and died thousands of years before modern civilization commenced; and we also tell you that when this modern civilization shall have yielded up its fruition, and the present octave of the world's progression shall be complete, then will humanity strike the first note again, but in a higher octave, so that the next culmination will be vastly superior to the culmination of any past age.

Therefore, we look forward, onward, upward, to the civilization of the entire multitude of earth's peoples. While we are willing to admit that in ages long gone by, there were individual teachers, wonderful seers and sages, who were specially inspired to do the work they did; while we are ready to admit that there have been many highly gifted men and women specially appointed messengers sent to the earth to enlighten mankind, who appeared like unto gods in the olden time, so far were they removed above their fellows, yet the glory of past civilization was aristocratic, while the glory of the future will be democratic.

In the far past there were a few highly renowned for their learning and goodness, and there may be few on earth to-day who can compare with them; but in the future there will be, figuratively speaking, no longer a few mountain peaks stretching up to heaven, while the rest of the land is low and marshy; every valley will be exalted, and every mountain, by comparison, will be made low. The mountains will be no lower, but will appear to be almost level, because the valleys of human expression will have been exalted to the level of mountains. The wonderful leveling process, the marvelous equalization going on everywhere, cannot be a leveling down; it must be a leveling up. Equalization cannot be accomplished by cutting off the head of genius, and reducing everybody to a common low level, but only through the education of everyone to a common high level. The only progress in freedom, the only true democracy, equality of expression or attainment here or elsewhere, signifies that the whole world will at length be as advanced as a few most illustrious minds were in the past.

And thus as you gaze upon the treasures in your museums, as your natural scientists go on with their explorations, and dig up ever more and more wonderful remains of buried ages; as you question Indians and other decaying tribes concerning the traditional information with which they can supply you; as you study the history of the days made mention of by Solon and Plato, disciples of the priests of Egypt, by Homer in his "Odyssey and Iliad," in a word, by all great minds who wrote in prose or poetry, the history of the bygone world, remember that these accounts represent an aged which prophesied in the attainment of a few what all the world would at length arrive at.

Here on the American Continent, which is older than the European, you are growing up with the new civilization of the Western Hemisphere, which is older than the Eastern; some of you are the very first heralds and torch-bearers of a new dawn, and it is for you to invite Europe, Asia and Africa to come and share with you the dainties of the banquet which is now being spread for all people.

Is it not a wonderful fact that representations of all nations of the world may now be found dwelling peaceably side by side in the streets of San Francisco? Is there any part of the earth quite so cosmopolitan as modern California? All the varied elements from East and West, from North and South, are here coming together. There may be some conflict while the process of fusion is going on; there may indeed be many upheavals and storms, many grave objections raised to the consolidation of the races and the federation of humanity. But all nations will at length unite, and are already uniting here, and no one land will be thoroughly safe or free until in the blending of all races in its inhabitants, its racial tides mingle and flow together, until at length there will be neither Malay, Mongolian, Caucasian, Negro nor Red Man; for the five fingers of the human hand, the five great races of the world, will no longer live as isolated members severed from the hand, fighting the one against the other, but will form one great united human hand, and when they have done this, each several digit will prove that in its own place it is very good, but when separated and divided from the hand, it becomes corrupt and a source of danger.

Pre-historic California was the center of a glorious civilization at a time when the Eastern and Western Hemispheres were united. When pre-historic California has been thoroughly discovered, and its remains unearthed and explained, it will then be proved to you that not less than 24,000 years ago may be given as the time when by some violent upheaval America and Asia were torn apart. In ancient times Asia and America were united; Japan and all the extreme eastern parts of Asia were joined to the extreme western parts of America.

Chinamen in coming here to-day are fulfilling a prophecy. They are uniting with the western nations of the world to-day as the result of an inevitable decree of Providence, in harmony with an inevitable sequence in nature. It will be your coming work in civilization to enlighten them here. Japan is now being rapidly enlightened, and soon enlightenment proceeding farther and farther into the in-

terior of the Chinese Empire, will cause the Celestial Empire to become celestial in reality, as all idolatrous and iniquitous practices due to tyrannical misrule, causing the degradation of the multitude, will pass utterly away before the dawning light of a new civilization.

In ages long gone by, Asia and America were one; they were united by solid land; then in a great and awful natural convulsion, which caused a continent to sink in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, Asia and America were separated. Those of the inhabitants who were left on the American side gradually dwindled down until they became the degenerate Indian tribes which were found here when America was re-discovered a few hundred years ago. The Japanese and other inhabitants of Asia on its eastern boundary being separated from the American Continent, were also thrown back upon themselves, and you must all be aware that international commerce is invariably essential to general human progress.

When Atlantis was the center of power, America was united with Africa; after having been separated from Asia, the central portion of the world was then the chief seat of life and glory.

You will perceive that in the course of a grand cycle, during one-half of the nearly 26,000 years Asia and America were united; then the extreme eastern parts of Asia and western parts of America were the greatest centers of civilization. During the other half of the cycle, when the land uniting Asia and America went under the water, this subsidence of the land caused another separation of continents; when the land went down in the Pacific, it sprang up in the Atlantic Ocean; thus America and Africa were at one time united. Then after Atlantis sank, the time gradually came round when America and Asia were again to draw nearer together, and soon they will be one again. We predict the days are not far distant when, through natural revulsions, the mighty deep will give back to this part of the world communication with the East; the East and the West will be again naturally and physically united. Then the swarming population of the East, which is ever looking to the West, will gradually colonize and inhabit the new land that will spring up from the very depths of the ocean; a natural bridge in the Pacific Ocean will gradually become the home of a new race, and will at length join the East to the West.

What has been will be again; but the physical upheavals and natural convulsions will necessarily be slighter and less calamitous than in ancient times, when changes were accomplished more entirely on the physical, and therefore far less upon mental and spiritual planes than they will be in the future. In the coming age of greater intellectual development all problems will be solved more by intelligence than by the hand of nature furious in the earthquake, the cyclone and the storm.

We are most certainly on the verge of a new civilization, wherein, physically, spiritually and intellectually, the East and the West will again unite in one great and glorious Republic, and soon a Republic of the whole world will become possible. We do not believe the time has yet come, but it will, when the united nations of the whole world will be held together as the United States of America are to-day. The time will come when there will be but one government upon earth, and that will be a pure Republic or Democracy in reality as well as name; a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. The time is now drawing very near when the cream of humanity will rise to the surface, and only the best men and women will be elevated to the highest stations.

When you learn who your ancestors were, and what your relations are to distant ages and buried nations, you will no longer look with scorn or contempt upon any people, but you will devise such laws and adopt such measures as will conduce to the common good of all, until an absolute fraternization of the peoples of the entire world will constitute the fulfillment of every inspired poet's dream and prophet's vision.

When the world is civilized throughout all climes and zones, then all tempests of mental strife being hushed, all physical upheavals will be at an end; the climate of the earth will become everywhere genial, all lands will become habitable, and the end of the world will be the ending of its strife and of its pain, the ending of its birth pangs and mighty throes of development, and the future throes of the world, as Prof. Denton, the fine geologist, and many others, have predicted by the aid of material science, and spiritual science also, will be the zenith of its perfection, the meridian of its glory, manifested in perfect peace and happiness of all its inhabitants.

Good temper is an essential factor in success in almost any department of life. A superintendent who loses his temper in his school becomes himself at once the worst element of disorder and confusion which he is trying to reduce. And a teacher who grows cross when his class is disposed to be unruly has lost his last chance to control the turbulence.—*Westminster Teacher.*

As steady application to work is the healthiest training for every individual, so it is the best discipline of a State. Honorable industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty, and progress is altogether impossible without it.—*Samuel Smiles.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pure Spiritualism.

BY ALBERT HUNTON.

The beautiful simplicity of the esoteric principles of Spiritualism, as taught through the inspired lips of many of our grand mediums, are being obscured and veiled in mysticism by the diversity of ideas given, in many instances, by those would-be leaders who have gained their standing as teachers through the ministrations of the angels, who have brought them from obscurity and helped them to positions of influence upon the spiritual rostrum through their mediumistic powers. The grandest teachers of ancient and modern times have been noted for their humility. We cannot conceive of Socrates, Sir Isaac Newton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Prof. Crookes, or Wallace, arrogating to themselves knowledge of occult matters such as is claimed by the neophytes who, on the flimsy foundations built by the leading Re-incarnationists and Christian Scientists, settle questions which have taxed the brightest intellects of the ages, in a presumptuous, off-hand manner, which would seem ludicrous, were it not pitiful.

A large class of the leading scientists are entirely materialistic, believing there is no individual existence independent of the physical body. They claim that that which cannot be weighed in the balance or dissected with the scalpel, is naught. They have pattered over nerves, muscles and bones, and have never found a soul, consequently it is not scientific to admit the existence and potency of disembodied intelligencies. We struggle through devious ways our allotted span of three-score-and-ten, then "out, brief candle," and—oblivion.

The Christian Scientist gravely teaches (in the leading schools for solid material considerations), that there is no matter, no evil, no disease;—these are errors of the mortal mind. "I am a child of God; God is never sick, therefore I am not." q. E. D. Let one of these children of God lose a limb, or stub a toe against an embodiment of spirit (a rock, for instance), and faith will not restore the member or enable them to ignore the pain. Claiming their science (?) is based upon the supremacy of spirit, they deny the truth of spirit intercourse, and ignore the fact that the only fundamental truths underlying their doctrines which are of value, have been taught and practiced by spiritual mediums and healers for nearly a half century.

Not realizing the grandeur of the ultimate result of spiritual teachings in the purification and elevation of humanity, many of our speakers have soared "beyond Spiritualism" into the supernal regions of Theosophy (God's Wisdom), the very name of their philosophy indicating the presumption of many of its loudest and shallowest advocates. "Who, by seeking, can find out God?" One of the strongest arguments, in their opinion, advanced by the Kardecists and Blavatskyites, is the injustice and inequality prevailing throughout the world. "The wicked flourish like a green bay tree," and the poor mortal who strives to act in accordance with his highest convictions of right, is pushed to the wall. The only remedy for this grievous state of affairs is to come back and try it over again. If their God is such a blunderer, as they seem to admit, it may be we shall have to ignore the old adage, that "two wrongs do not make a right," and travel the weary round until we see a good chance to switch off into a condition of selfish rest—Nirvana.

The true Spiritualist believes the present life to be one of preparation for one more advanced—believes in evolution; and the more we aspire to overcome the environments of heredity and sensuousness, the higher will be our starting point in the future life.

We believe that life is continuous and progressive, and that the opportunities for advancement in goodness and intelligence, are far superior in the next life to those here, for there we are free from the bonds of the flesh and human necessities. "The stroke of death is but a kindly frost that sets us free and gives us room to germinate." Our opportunities will be limited only by our own aspirations and individual effort, for we cannot reach the heights vicariously.

We hear the objection frequently raised that spiritual communications are frivolous, and indicate want of culture and refinement on the part of the spirits, and the manifestations of a phenomenal nature are so mixed with fraud as to cast discredit upon the whole subject. When we reflect upon the average moral standing of those who are daily passing to the other side, and the motives governing the mere curiosity seekers who visit mediums, either for assistance in carrying out mercenary plans, or as a pastime, with no higher motives inspiring them than would induce them to attend a circus or any cheap amusement, we wonder not at the amount of fraud and deception, knowing that the law of attraction governs all communion, and to get pure and sensible advice, we must so live as to attract pure spirits. In reverent aspiration we shall find, as Cowper beautifully says:

"When one holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
Descends and dwells among us meaner things,
It is as if an angel shook his wings!"

Applause is the spur of noble minds,
The end and aim of weak ones.

Plant a Tree.

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rustles up through these kindly groves
Leaves unfiled into verdant trees.
So man's life must climb
From the dust of time
Up to heavenly heights.
Canst thou prophesy that little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy.
Plants a comfort that will never cease
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures little with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
Plants a peace.
Under its green curtain jargons cease.
Leaf and sprig murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
Plants a youth.
Vigor won for centuries, in youth;
Life of time, that him eternally
Brought forth strength upward,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the aged, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
Plants a love.
Tears of goodness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! Life does the rest;
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—A Youth's Companion.

One Day at a Time.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never today which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious scripture to say
That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only counterpane sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

How we Learn.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won; not found by chance,
Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth,
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God put forth in might,
Flows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth seed to the light.

Wring from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-plowed fields,
And the soul feels that it has not wept in vain.

—BONAR.

Song of the Race.

The world swings round, and the world swings by,
With the rush and the shout of the maddening race,
We feel the breath and we bear the cry
Of eager runners for power and place.

The world rolls round, and the world rolls on,
With clamor of drums and bugle sound,
And battles are lost, and battles are won,
And heroes are sung, and kings are crowned.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,
We whirl and drift on its fickle tide,
And now by its smile, and now by its frown,
We are caressed—we are crucified.

But what do we care if friends are true,
And hearts fail not that we trusted in?
The Truth that we patiently pursue,
By the Law of God we yet shall win.

—T. H. MURPHY, in "Phrenological Journal."

Nothing Lost.

A tiny seed of little worth,
Brought by the strong west wind
From distant parts, fell to the earth
Where grew none of its kind.
A thousand years with fleeting tread
Swept o'er the fair green earth—
Where is that seed? Forgotten? Dead?
Who says 'twas little worth?

A forest grand, majestic, stands
Where that small seed was tossed,
For in time's wide, gigantic hands,
No single thing is lost.
No human life is dawned on earth
But left its impress here,
For weal or woe. Still lives its worth
In hearts that held it dear.
A thought which trembling lips impart;
A song, perchance, a rhyme,
May thrill the world's great, pulsing heart,
Throughout all future time.

The name may know whence came the thought,
Or what the singer's name,
But since a grand result is brought,
That life was not in vain.

—ROSE HARTWICK THORNE.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

FIRST QUESTION.—Kind Medium.—Will you please state the difference between an astral form and a spirit form? Do mediums usually see the spirit form?
S. F.

ANSWER.—As I understand the matter, the astral form is that through which the I. or Ego manifests after the birth into the astral realm. It is a more refined kind of matter, but not permanent in its form. When it has served the purpose of the soul, and there is another birth into the spiritual sphere, the astral form disintegrates in the realm where it belongs, and the soul has a spiritual form far more etherial and permanent in its nature; but not until there is evolved the divine or soul form, does man come into his full estate. Substance, as the word indicates, sub (under), stance (to stand), is that which lies under or back of all visible form; it is the real, the eternal, the self-existent, the uncreated, while all that proceeds from substance must necessarily be the created, consequently not the eternal in form.

I am inclined to think independent clairvoyants usually see the astral form, while many of our mediums are psychological subjects seeing and describing the images held in the mind of some intelligence in the unseen realm. The "Control," or "Guide" may be perfectly truthful, and the subject honest, and the information more or less correct according to the circumstances in which the sensitive is situated. A true seer is rare, a person may be a medium and not see or hear, only as he is reflecting the sight and thought of another; while the true seer is one in whom the sixth sense is opened up, and he sees into the interior realm as surely as other people see in this realm material.

A seership that can reach beyond the astral sphere into the spiritual realm is rare indeed, while the soul realm is beyond the ken of earth's children in their present development.

We commune which those on our own plane of thought and feeling, we may be inspired by those on a plane above ourselves. We may be acted upon by suggestion from those minds with whom we are in sympathy. What is known as presentiment often comes in this way. While real intuition is a thought of truth from our own soul, it is that which has become soul consciousness at the center of our own being. Suggestion deals with things, with that which is related to time and space. Intuition deals with principles; it is a seeing with the most interior sense; a knowing beyond the range of the intellect, it is pure reason. By aspiration we may contact those with whom we are in true sympathy, even though they have passed interior to the astral plane; but such contact is wholly spiritual, it is a subjective union and does not reach out into this objective life.

Those intelligences in the unseen world which deal with the material matters in this life are those who have not yet passed out of this objective life influence. They may be honest, anxious (too anxious) to help us out of our trouble; their whole thought is earthward; and the more interior spiritual realm is the unknown to them, (as it is to us) save in theory; consequently we need not accept their conclusions as final. There are many spiritually developed people still on this side of life who are far in advance of these earth bound spirits. To simply lay aside the body does not make them wise; wisdom is not another's opinion engrafted into one's mind. That which the soul touches and knows is true knowledge.

SECOND QUESTION.—Mrs. Harris.—I enjoy the "Question Department" very much, and sometimes I wish I could see you face to face. You seem to speak as one "who knows." Please tell me how you know these things? Do you read much? SUBSCRIBER, LOS ANGELES.

ANSWER.—Long since I found when I wanted an answer to a vexed question I could by concentration and meditation satisfy myself. I found when an answer came in this way I did not seem to doubt the result, it was so much a part of me that I did not question the matter. When I answer other people's questions I try to make them my own; unless I can do this I do not feel I have done the subject justice. Of course many of the questions I have already worked out.

Yes, I am inclined to think I have a lust for books, although perhaps, you will not consider me egotistical if I say that much that I read simply confirms what I seemed to know already. I did not have to become a Spiritualist. I was born one. I naturally loved all studies relating to the mind; later I became an idealist in philosophy; then theosophy revealed its wealth of wisdom in a limited degree to my mind. And when mental science or the "Divine Law of Cure," was presented to me, and I understood something of the power of thought, it seemed as though life was really worth living. Now what I can do in a limited way many can do in a much larger degree, and not half try, only so they love the work. I trust the readers of "Our Question Department" will excuse the time and space given to myself, but other questions of a like nature have been presented, so I thought I would answer them all in one. I usually put personal questions in the waste basket, feeling that they are not of general interest. Questions wait over.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.
BERKELEY, Cal.

Virtue and genius seem to me the noblest forms of the complete and unfeeling self-devotion which Jesus Christ came into

the world to teach to man. Genius continues poor, while it lights that world; virtue keeps silence, as she sacrifices herself for the good of others.—Balzac.

Answer to a Sealed Question.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We would like your opinion of the various spiritual papers and their adherents:

I feel as if in deep thought—as if some scientific or metaphysical matter was in question.

The answer comes, as it seems to me, through the powerful influence in the arm. There is in it a strong motive power that sways, governs and moves, but there is pain on the part of some; energy and action, burning, throbbing, zeal on the part of others. But that which is of the soul, or the spiritual part of all things, must ever live and grow.

Like the sands on the seashore, are the theories of men. We on our side are ever looking into those themes which loomed up before us on earth.

But we have learned this, that the great Love-Principle of Humanity, which is our name for God, is the true basis for all theories, and all must stand or fall before this test.

That which to the earth's inhabitants seems the visionary, the unreal, is truly all there is of reality. "Your ideal is the real."

MRS. ADA E. EVERHART,
Medium and Amanuensis.
Respectfully submitted by Morris S. Liden, Brainerd, Minn.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Important Question to Settle.

BY D. S. MAYNARD.

In response to Clarence Chace, and others who are anxious to settle the question in the affirmative positively, as to whether "If a man die, shall he live again?" allow me to suggest that we all halt a moment and inquire what is the first important question to settle. Surely it is whether those we call dead are alive, in possession of their intellectual, moral, and spiritual faculties, active and unimpaired, able to make that living power of intelligence felt in ways that prove beyond a reasonable doubt that like ourselves they were once embodied men and women. That grasped as a truth enables one to say, Yes, I know. We may not yet know, or even believe, that the proof of identity is established, but in no way will that effect the permanence of the basic truth proven, however gratifying it might be to be equally sure of personal identity. And let me add that in my experience, seeking tests, signs, and wonders after reaching the goal, I know, has often proved a marked hindrance.

To gain knowledge, and learn best how to apply it as we journey on, should be our prime object. Let us seek only the good and pure as teachers, counting names and recognized identity as secondary, if not non-essential. One valued teacher of mine is known to me only by the fractional sign of plus and minus joined, add crossing one hundred as a numerator, and a cypher as denominator, with its significance explained to me clearly.

Respectfully,
D. S. MAYNARD.
Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kansas.

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CURE DISEASE WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE!

This Belt is the Very Latest Improvement in Electro-Therapeutic Science, and is warranted to be far superior to anything of a similar nature ever before invented. It produces from 26 to 90 degrees of electrical power, giving MILD, STIMULATING or REVULSIVE currents, which can be INSTANTLY FELT by the wearer. DR. PIERCE'S BELT is, in fact, a complete

— Portable Body Battery! —
With special attachments or appliances for BOTH SEXES, for curing the following diseases, viz:

NERVOUS DEBILITY,
KIDNEY COMPLAINT,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
CONSTIPATION,
DISEASE OF THE LIVER,
FEMALE IRREGULARITIES
AND WEAKNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
IMPOTENCY,
SPINAL DISORDERS,
WEAKNESS OF THE
SEXUAL ORGANS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

THOUSANDS CURED!

CAUTION! DR. PIERCE'S CELEBRATED Belts and Trusses cannot be had from canvassers or peddlers; nor are they sold on any "30 Days' Trial," "Money Refunded," or similar schemes, calculated to deceive the public.

The following letter is a sample of hundreds which are constantly being received:

Electricity Did the Work!

FRANKLIN, Sonoma Co., Cal.,
February 26, 1888.

DR. PIERCE & SON—GENTLEMEN:—I take great pleasure in writing you that the Electric Belt which I bought at your office last Fall, for my son, has cured him of a severe attack of neuralgia, which the doctors could not cure. They examined him and said he had the "hip disease" or something of the kind, and that it would cost me from \$400 to \$500 to have him cured; but one of your \$10 Belts cured him, and he is now a strong, healthy boy, with no sign of "hip disease" or anything else the matter with him. Electricity is the remedy for me and the rest of my family. You will probably remember that one of your Electro-Magnetic Trusses cured me of rupture after I had suffered with the complaint for several years. I consider Dr. Pierce's Electric Belts and Trusses to be the best ever manufactured, and heartily recommend them to all sufferers. Yours truly, CHAS. S. COLMAN

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF
Dr. Pierce's Belt,
Call on the undersigned, or
Send Stamp for Free Illustrated Pamphlet No. 2.

RUPTURE

The dangerous and distressing complaint known as Hernia or Rupture, may be instantly relieved, and, in every case, SPEEDILY and PERMANENTLY CURED, by using Dr. Pierce's Patent MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS. This is the original and only genuine Elastic Truss and the only one ever manufactured that will properly Retain and Radically Cure Rupture. During the past fourteen years it has cured thousands of cases in the United States and foreign countries. It is entirely different in its action from any truss ever before invented; is easy and comfortable to wear, and may be worn Night and Day. No Iron Hoops or Steel Springs. Perfect-Fitting Trusses can be sent anywhere by mail.

For particulars of Dr. Pierce's TRUSS, call at office, or send stamp for our Illustrated Pamphlet, No. 1, with supplement of "Solid Facts."



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PILES CURED
"GALVANA APPLIERS."
A Painless and Non-Irritating Method of Cure. Treatment for Piles, Fistula, Stricture, Prostatitis, Anal, Fleure, Rectal Ulcers, etc. Nothing like it ever before invented. Relieves every case. Send Call, or send stamp for New Pamphlet No. 3, Magnetic Elastic Truss. Also sold by J. H. Widber, Druggist, 704 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal., and other Druggists.

MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
704 SACRAMENTO STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Also for Sale by J. H. WIDBER, Druggist,
Cor. Third and Market Sts. S. F.